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THE WORLD WAR

THE resignation of the Konoye Cabinet on Wednesday night "to make room for a stronger one" looks like another step towards the final division of the whole world into two vast warring alliances. Writing before the composition of the new Cabinet is known, we cannot prophesy which way Japan intends to move, or even, with certainty, whether she will move at all. For a fortnight Japanese policy has apparently wavered. The army group seems, as usual, to have pressed for a further advance on the mainland, while Russia is fighting her desperate battle against Germany. Hitler has been urgng Tokio to undertake a naval blockade of Vladivostock. But Russia's reply from the air might well be devastating for Japan and the evidence suggests that Tokio is much more likely to accept the present stagnant war in China and to risk an immediate move in southern Indo-China. Japanese air and sea bases in Camranh Bay would directly menace Singapore and the whole position of Britain and the U.S.A. in the Southern Pacific. It is known that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to avoid action in the Pacific that would divert American attention from the Atlantic battle, but it is clear that if the Japanese establish themselves in Camranh Bay the United States could hardly remain indifferent. We understand that plans have recently been considered to co-ordinate the defence of Britain, America and the Netherlands in the Pacific, and we should exclude, as a retort to any further move by Japan in Indo-China, a total embargo both on imports and exports by both Britain and the U.S.A. Japan is in so weak a position to meet this threat that even now she may pause. But there is now obviously a strong possibility that the war will spread through the Pacific in the near future.

Britain and the U.S.S.R.

British publicity describes the splendid resistance of the Russians; the Soviet wireless responds with unstinted praise of British democracy and even of "the leadership of far-sighted British statesmen." The new Alliance includes a promise by Britain and Russia not to make an armistice or a peace without "mutual agreement." The first step is thus taken to forestall the danger that the war against Germany will be followed by a conflict between Britain and Soviet Russia. The Alliance is directed against "Hitlerite Germany"; we are jointly fighting against the Nazi machine and not against the helpless German population.

This is an immense advance; the Alliance may gradually lead to modifications of outlook both in Britain and Russia. Soviet Communism has never repudiated the basic theses of democracy, and we may yet see the time when the democratic features of its constitution may play a larger part in its daily life. On our side British democracy, under stress of war, may yet see great advances towards a Socialist economy. We do not rate the chances of either development too high, but it is not Utopian to seek a narrowing of economic and ideological conflict.

Britain, it seems to us, must now attune its propaganda to the actual situation on the Continent. Moscow's broadcasting is ably conceived. It is based on a knowledge that the common people all over Europe pray daily for peace, for freedom from Nazi rule, and for social security. The Soviet spokesmen know that there is war weariness among the German population and that there are many who detest the Nazi regime, and who, though they cannot as yet revolt, will go slow in the factories and impede the German war effort, provided they see a future which offers them hope. Since they are a patriotic people, endowed like others with a sense of self-preservation, threats to destroy their country and permanently shackle them in the miseries of economic and social servitude can only induce them to fight with all the endurance and determination of their race. The chance of appealing to them by the sincere offer of a fair status in a unified Europe, in which no future Hitler would be permitted to disturb the peace and in which common economic institutions would provide social security, is immensely increased by the entry of Russia into the war. British broadcasting to Germany appeared to be fully conscious of this fact during the first days after Germany's invasion of the U.S.S.R., but the new theme does not seem to have been fully sustained during the last fortnight. Unfortunately, Mr. Churchill

if we are to judge by his remarks in the House of Commons about the recent lamentable debate on the Ministry of Information, appears not fully to appreciate the need for propaganda, apart from that contained in his own speeches. They remain as powerful and as remarkable as ever; as addressed to the German people, however, they strike an unpleasant contrast with the Russian appeal to the friends of freedom inside Germany.

In his speech in the County Hall to the Civil Defence forces, Mr. Churchill was careful to observe the new formula in speaking of continuing the war "until the Nazi regime is either extirpated by us or, better still, torn to pieces by the German people themselves." This was at least an improvement in idea. We do not quarrel with Mr Churchill (we use his own curious description of reasonable criticism) because he boasts in menacing tones of the aerial strength of Britain and its increasing capacity to damage Germany's industry, ports and lines of communication. But to suggest, as he did, that we in this country would prefer to bomb the Germans as retribution for past crimes rather than to abandon, if that were possible, the game of mutual suicide, is surely both silly and untrue. Bombing is at best a ghastly necessity, and can only be justified if it is combined with a positive propaganda which offers the Germans a constructive and hopeful future. The notion of retribution to be borne by the mass of German citizens who are no more responsible for this war than the common people of this country, is, we believe, quite contrary to the sentiments of most British people. Democracy need not leave all the constructive propaganda to the Bolsheviks. In war both we and they must be ruthless in action, but ruthlessness is nothing but a blind impulse to destroy European civilisation, unless it is the instrument of a future in which the common people of countries now at war may live together at peace.

Settlement in Syria

There is significance in the fact that the campaign in Syria has been formally concluded, not by an armistice—a term appropriate as between States at war—but by a Convention whose provisions hold out hopes that part at least of the French administration and military forces will join the British and the De Gaullists in securing Syria's independence and integrity. Not the least satisfactory feature of an unhappy episode is the fact that even Admiral Darlan shrank from using our occupation of Syria—the motives for which every Frenchman must have fully appreciated—as an excuse for declaring war on Britain and handing over the French fleet to Hitler. Militarily, whatever may be the reaction of the Vichy French in Syria to our invitation to co-operate, we have gained much—the passes between the sea and Damascus through which an invasion of Palestine from the north must debouch, air fields with which to support Cyprus, a line of communications between Suez and Turkey. These are substantial prizes for a campaign which General Maitland-Wilson conducted with skill—political no less than strategical. Avoiding costly frontal attacks wherever possible, he manoeuvred his forces both from Palestine and Iraq in such a way that the Vichy French, who fought with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, were ultimately placed in a hopeless position; capitulation was inevitable and involved no loss of face. The incalculable element in the future is the attitude of the local inhabitants. They have not suffered to any very serious extent in the campaign, and the foodstuffs sent forward from Egypt may have done something to popularise the invaders. But the Druses are awkward customers, and the granting of independence to Syria may lead to Pan-Arab demands in the Middle East whose satisfaction it would be difficult to square with our commitments to the Jewish community in Palestine. Mr. Lyttelton will have need of statesmanship.

The "Daily Worker"

The *Daily Worker* was suppressed as likely to hamper the prosecution of the war. With Russia in the war, the Communist Party has again reversed its policy. There is to-day no doubt that all the influence that the Communists have will be exerted towards greater production in the factories and towards a more efficient conduct of the war. On the face of it it is anomalous for Britain to be in alliance with the Soviet Union and for the Communist daily to be suppressed. Mr. Rust, the former Editor of the *Daily Worker*, argues this case in our correspondence columns this week.

Two objections are made to restoring the *Worker*. The first argument is that those who would control it have shown themselves unreliable and unscrupulous. They switched from propaganda for fighting the Nazis to denunciation of the "imperialist struggle," after the war began; and now they are again fighting for "democracy." The reason is simple. Communists believe that the defence of the Soviet Union is the final criterion of policy. They now discover that they were mistaken in thinking that Britain would "switch the war" if Russia were attacked, and they refuse to admit their error. No Communist ever disarmed his opponents as Mr. Shaw did recently in these columns by heading his letter "My Mistake." But the point is that to-day there is no group of people in the country so anxious to defeat the Nazis as the Communists. They might of course in certain circumstances shift their line again, but they are prepared to give the fullest guarantees to the Home Office, and the law under which the *Daily Worker* was suppressed would still hang over their heads—as it does over the head of every newspaper.

The second argument used is that in fact the *Daily Worker* would have little influence. Here we cannot agree. Communists have great influence in factories, not because they are numerous, but because they are energetic and single-minded. They are now prepared in any case, whether the *Daily Worker* starts or not, to try to dispel apathy or worse in the workshops, for which they themselves have been partly responsible. That they will be more effective in doing so if they have their own daily organ of propaganda appears to us clear. For this reason we are in favour of allowing the *Daily Worker* once again to appear.

The Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

It seems clear that the Government is at last beginning to think seriously about the general problem of incomes in wartime, and that proposals for some sort of stabilisation have been under discussion with the representatives of the employers and the Trade Unions. Doubtless, the first idea of the Treasury was that the "stabilisation" of wages—which means, in fact, the stopping of all further increases—should be carried through as an isolated measure, without any control beyond E.P.T. being imposed on incomes of other kinds. The Trade Unions, very naturally, refused to agree to this—the more vehemently because the proposal was not accompanied by any plan for stabilising the total cost of living by an all-round fixing once and for all of the prices of necessary goods. The Government then began reluctantly to consider the possibility of pegging other incomes besides wages, and the latest round of demands for wage increases has probably made the Treasury a good deal readier to force this than it was at an earlier stage. Pegging of incomes cannot, however, be made acceptable unless it carries with it a guarantee of a minimum supply of all necessary goods, and also maintains some incentive to work not only among wage-earners, but also among other persons whose incomes depend on their exertions. This incentive need not be in the form of money; but if it is effectively to take any other form it will require much larger changes in the structure of our whole economy than the Government have been ready to contemplate hitherto.

* * *

The Government is trying to secure the development of British Restaurants, school canteens, and provision for emergency feeding. These efforts reveal a lack of planning and co-ordination. The Ministry of Food, working through local authorities, is encouraging every borough and urban and rural district in the country to set up as a large-scale caterer, each acting as an independent unit, buying its own stock, employing its own staff, keeping its own accounts; without any regard to the drastic economies and increase in efficiency which would result from more centralised direction. The blunder is the worse since the Ministry had ready to hand an organisation which by peacetime experience is well suited to the task.

The county boroughs and county councils, in their capacity as education authorities, could plan and control the restaurants established in their area, dovetailing the arrangements into those they are making for the feeding of school-children and the homeless. How can the overworked clerk of a sanitary authority be expected to set up as a restaurant proprietor under the general direction of a Ministry of Food official sitting in a divisional office miles away? In a recent circular the Ministry of Food suggest that county councils might be brought in when other methods, i.e., this fantastic individualism, have failed. In one county the Ministry, after six months, has cajoled two authorities to establish British Restaurants. The county council,

in the same period, has added 50 to their 100 existing centres and are feeding 150 children and adults for every one fed by the Ministry of Food. The officials of the Ministry and of the county council are competing for accommodation and staff, and wasting public money in unnecessary travel. Circulars enjoining "co-operation" are no substitute for clear planning. Local interest can be maintained by a local committee, but provision and central purchase of food, equipment and appointment of properly qualified staff must be planned on a wider basis. The Government Departments concerned should make the county and county borough the authority with power to delegate, for all State subsidised, feeding whether of children or adults. Only by this means will the centres be created in the first place and economically administered afterwards.

Production and the Prime Minister *(From an Industrial Correspondent)*

In the debate on production the Government, succeeded in excluding subjects that come under the Ministry of Labour. How impossible it is to have a realistic discussion on production without reference to labour was borne out by the number of times Members were pulled up by the Chairman. In fact, Bevin was compelled to intervene to explain his position on both days.

A second fact that tended to stultify the debate was Beaverbrook's appointment as Minister of Supply. As one Member said, Burgin, Morrison and Duncan had each in turn told the House that production was going well. Now the Government would say everything will be all right because Beaverbrook is on the job. But the Government did not even go as far as that. Harold Macmillan ignored all important criticisms and confined himself to the trivial. He resolutely refused to admit (though every Member knew it) that through lack of foresight in the Ministry of Supply serious shortages have developed in certain primary weapons. Beaverbrook's appointment to overcome these shortages by his own peculiar methods is an admission of their existence. Realism in this most unsatisfactory debate was introduced by the maiden speech of Brabner, who spoke, perhaps rather violently but at least from personal experience of shortages and defects in equipment both in Greece and Crete. Moore-Brabazon's idea of a reply to the debate was to produce a mixture of frivolity and charm.

The press in its comments on the debate, in the way it has emphasised the value of the criticisms made and the failure of the Government to reply has shown the Government and the House that the country is deeply disturbed by the malorganisation of our war production. Members who were in their constituencies over the week-end found the ordinary citizen thoroughly upset by Moore-Brabazon's statement that Germany would get worse in the way of bombing than anything London had suffered. The ordinary citizen wants to see Germany bombed, but they resent such statements because there is an ingrained conviction that Government promises of resolute action are always belied by the event.

The press comments here, in America and Australia have achieved what the House failed to secure. The Prime Minister has been forced to arrange that he himself will give a considered reply to criticisms made during the course of the two days' debate. For him to call these criticisms sensational was a misuse of words. What was sensational was for the Government to ignore criticisms which are accepted as well-founded both inside and outside the House. The one specific criticism mentioned by Churchill was that our war production to-day is still only 75 per cent. of the possible. This statement was made by Wardlaw-Milne, chairman of the Select Committee on Government Expenditure, a Member of the House who occupies his present official position because of his reputation for soundness and balanced judgment. He is obviously not given to making irresponsible statements and his official position gives him an accurate view of the facts.

Members all over the House were taken aback by Churchill's reply to Shinwell, who asked whether a debate would follow the Prime Minister's statement, to which the Prime Minister replied, "It would be open to any Member to take up the quarrel if he could see any public advantage in doing so." It is the Prime Minister who is quarrelling with the facts. That he questions Wardlaw-Milne's statement suggests that the Prime Minister himself is unaware of the facts. But how can he be? Not only is he Prime Minister, but he is Minister of Defence as well. Now because he will not appoint a Minister responsible for all war production he finds he has to become Minister of Munitions as well. Many Members are convinced that the whole burden of Government in wartime cannot be carried on the shoulders of one man.

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OUR NEW ALLY

AFTER four days negotiation Britain and Soviet Russia have concluded a military and political alliance. Without detracting from the part played in this speedy and efficient piece of diplomacy by Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Maisky and Mr. Eden, we must concede the chief credit to Hitler. No one but he could have wrought so sudden a change. Only an actual invasion of the U.S.S.R. could produce the psychology which unites, at least for the moment, Stalin and Mr. Churchill, the Communists and Lord Beaverbrook. During the past year the Soviet ambassador in London devoted his waking hours to haggling with the Foreign Office and Ministry of Economic Warfare regarding the possession of about three dozen Estonian and Lithuanian ships which Britain had commandeered. Then he consecrated the next eight months almost entirely to discussing with the British Government the repatriation of some 400 Baltic seamen. Mr. Maisky sighed to his friends that he had adopted as his philosophy the Mongolian axiom, "This too shall pass." His experience was a singular commentary on two Great Powers, one enmeshed in a life-and-death struggle, the other engaged in keeping out of it. The total result of this higher diplomacy was that he was finally able to arrange the return to the U.S.S.R. of the seamen just before their fate ceased to be of the slightest interest to anyone except themselves and their families and that he failed to pry the ships loose from the British authorities. Now we get an Alliance in four days.

The essence of the remarkably laconic Anglo-Russian Treaty consists of two sentences, providing mutual aid and a pledge to refrain from making a separate peace with the Nazis. It is also worthy of note—because the British press has virtually ignored it—that the pact stipulates that the two governments shall render each other assistance "against *Hitlerite* Germany." We hear that the interesting adjective was included at Stalin's request and it makes clear, if that were necessary, that Stalin does not belong to those who regard Germany as inhabited by 80,000,000 cannibals wearing nose-rings and full warpaint.

During the same four days in which Sir Stafford was drafting the pact with Stalin and Molotoff, a six-man Soviet military mission led by General Golikoff, deputy chief of the general staff, arrived in London and conducted intensive negotiations with leaders of the British Government and armed forces. Last Saturday two of the mission, General Golikoff and Colonel Dragun, a tank expert, returned to Moscow for consultation but with the intention of resuming talks in London soon. Present signs are that the emphasis in these discussions is on co-ordination of supplies rather than of operations.

It is now evident, however, that the support Stalin desires from Britain above all is the creation of a second active front against Germany. This evokes several questions, which only the general staffs are competent to answer. Would a British offensive in the Mediterranean serve as an adequate diversion of German power? Or is a British expeditionary force to the Continent feasible? On the one hand, our leaders must realise that they may not for a long, long time enjoy another such opportunity. On the other, they know, what the British public may forget, that only part of Hitler's immense army is engaged in the East, that an expedition would risk many precious ships when tonnage shortage is one of our most serious problems and that aerial supremacy over a possible landing bridgehead must be extremely difficult to achieve during these very short nights. No layman ought to offer advice on so technical and dangerous an adventure. We have to face a still considerable slice of the Luftwaffe along the coasts of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, while their own supply and endless booty has equipped the Germans with a surfeit of guns with which to greet any landing parties.

Moscow is also reliably said to want extensive material aid from Britain and America. A few days after the Prime Minister promised Moscow all possible help, we sold the Russians a considerable amount of rubber and a small quantity of tin from Malaya. The Soviet attitude is that, if the worst comes to the worst, they can rely wholly on their own war industries, but that our provision of arms and munitions, perhaps including aircraft and aeroplane motors, would shorten the conflict.

We have all agreed to skip any recriminations as to the evil spirit which hovered over and permeated Anglo-Russian relations before the new Entente. But it appears necessary to warn our government to avoid fresh blunders. Trivial incidents can shake confidence, especially when that confidence is as robust as the seedling of a lily-of-the-valley. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has twice alluded to the B.B.C.'s odd invitation to the London correspondent of the

Soviet news agency to broadcast—but Gad, Sir, only in the Children's Hour. Last Sunday after Russia had become our ally, the B.B.C. added another feather to its fool's cap, though doubtless on orders from much higher up, by omitting the "Internationale" from the series of Allied national anthems. The *Evening Standard* made the best suggestion so far by proposing that in honour of our new Soviet co-belligerent the B.B.C. should play, "You Made Me Love You; I Didn't Want to do it." The affair has a less breezy side, however. An American correspondent relevantly asked whether the Russians' loss of at least 250,000 killed, wounded and prisoners in the first three weeks' battle against our common foe does not merit the inclusion of their popular anthem among those of our other Allies. The Bolsheviks swallowed their atheism and anti-monarchism to the extent of welcoming Mr. Eden with "God Save the King" when he visited Moscow in 1935. It would be more than we could tolerate, were we to learn tolerance from the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, the German claim early this week to have broken the Stalin Line in all important places was at least premature and certainly misleading, as there is no solid wall to break, as suggested, but a zonal system. Yet it is true that the Germans have driven several deep wedges into the Soviet front and their reported capture of Vitebsk would cut the main lateral railway along the front, the railway running from Leningrad through Vitebsk to Kiev. In the north the Germans have passed an important Russian defence zone east of Lake Peipus, on the way to Leningrad, and in the south, where the principal German objectives lie, the Germans profess to be approaching Kiev. Even their occupation of Kiev, however, would not benefit them greatly unless they also reach Moscow and thus protect the left flank of their southward advance.

Information reaching the British Government states that, should he succeed in occupying the Soviet capital, Hitler intends to launch a new peace offensive from Moscow. It has already been officially declared in London that Britain would reject such an offer. Visualising the worst, however, with the Russians possibly thrown back or defeated, Hitler will face the decision whether to dig in and return a substantial part of his forces to the west against Britain or sweep on to the east, if he can, to Iraq, Iran and India or Suez. Those are contingencies which may well have been in the Prime Minister's mind when he had Generals Wavell and Auchinleck exchange commands.

And how is America assessing the Russo-German struggle? At lunch the other day a gifted English writer on international affairs, who had just returned from a long visit to the United States, was asked whom Republican big business men regard as America's most dangerous enemy. His prompt reply was "Roosevelt, Stalin and Hitler in that order." American mass sentiment, however, is gradually, grudgingly polarising around support for Russia, though in the attempt to exploit his attack on Russia to confuse anti-Bolsheviks everywhere, Hitler unquestionably met with greater success in America than in Britain.

The United States administration, informed from the start of the short negotiations, lodged no objections to the Anglo-Soviet alliance. Officials of the Department of State are usually stricken with dithers at the mere mention of Soviet Russia, but in the present emergency some probably felt that American self-preservation compelled encouragement of Russia against Germany, while others knew this was the President's view and dared not defy him.

To-day the British Government is sincerely anxious to do all in its power to collaborate with the U.S.S.R. No hostile voice is raised in any influential quarter. There are retarding influences, especially in the War Office, which had assumed throughout a speedy Russian collapse, and in business circles which do not like to admit that Socialism can produce more swiftly than capitalism. Russia's economic achievement is indeed staggering, if we recall that Russia was scarcely industrialised at all ten years ago, and that her standard of life as late as 1930 compared unfavourably with that of British India. The U.S.S.R. has far more tanks at her disposal than Britain and France produced in years of rearmament before the war and in two years of war itself. The Russian armies are being driven back, but there is as yet no sign that any Soviet army has been routed or destroyed, and every sign of united resistance, based on popular endurance and popular enthusiasm. Equally important, the invasion of Russia has released the incalculable force of Soviet propaganda in Europe, which means that at last we have the chance, if we combine efficiently with Russia, of finding on our side those 100,000,000 allies in Europe without which we cannot win this war. The defeat of the Nazis is still far off; the Russian alliance makes it a possibility for which a reasonable man may hope.

HITLER'S INVASION OF AMERICA

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

THE action of the United States Government in ordering the closing of German Consulates and other Nazi agencies has come none too soon. These have been the key-points in Hitler's invasion of America. That invasion has been no matter of tanks and guns, of dive-bombers and panzer divisions. It developed in comparative secrecy because its two main weapons, propaganda and espionage, were difficult to detect and expose.

This Nazi penetration of the United States is not of recent growth. Its chief instrument, the German-American Bund, began its career in 1923—the year Hitler organised his abortive Munich *putsch*. In that year a body known as the Teutonia Society was organised by a 20-year-old printer, Fritz Gissibl, newly arrived from Germany. Until 1933 it remained a fairly harmless social organisation, possessing slightly anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic tendencies, but attracting few to its ranks and having a membership of only 500. When Hitler came to power in Germany, the Teutonia Society transformed itself into an organisation called "The Friends of New Germany." It adopted Nationalist Socialist policy in its entirety, its membership rose rapidly—largely through the amalgamation with it of numerous similar but smaller societies—its funds increased and camps and other property were bought throughout the United States. By 1936 the membership of the society reached 135,000. It was at this point that Fritz Kühn, its present leader, took charge of the society, renaming it the German-American Bund. Kühn, a former machine-gunner and industrial chemist, who had emigrated from Germany in 1927 and had since become a naturalised American citizen, now emerged as the fully responsible and salaried leader of all Nazis in North America. Suspicions that the Bund would indulge in active National Socialist penetration in the United States began to be widely felt. Kühn at once denied any such intentions. "We have only the benefit of the United States in our minds," he said. "We are doing a job of Americanism . . . but we are fighting Marxian doctrines . . . we try to make youth learn the German language and ideas. It is good they should . . . that is all."

In fact, however, the Bund became at once a direct menace to the United States. Claiming 400,000 active members, it aimed at the complete Nazification of all German Americans, and the oppression of Catholics and Jews. It was financed, controlled and operated from Berlin as a Nazi Fifth Column in the United States. German political textbooks claim that in the United States no less than 40,000,000 people out of the total population of 130,000,000 are of German blood, and that it is the task of these people to ensure that the United States shall eventually move in the German political orbit. A former member of the Reichstag has admitted that "the German reserve in the United States is designed to give the Reich any assistance it may require," and that "the members of the German-American Bund take an oath of utter loyalty to Herr Hitler as *Führer*."

The true nature of the Bund soon became clear. Kühn formed the German-American Business League, which is nothing less than a boycott machine, to strengthen the hold of the Bund on all Germans in the United States. In each community it collects the names of German tradesmen and business men of every type, publishes them in regional directories and instructs members of the German-American Bund to buy only from these sources. In return, the selected tradesmen pay substantial subscriptions to the funds of the Bund. Those who refuse to contribute are black-listed. In each of the nineteen states of the North American Union, where the Bund has branches, big camps have been organised, and there members of the Bund do the goosestep and drill in military formations, digest endless propaganda talks, papers and films, and learn to hate Catholics, Jews, Negroes and Communists. At the Siegfried Camp on Long Island, New Jersey, no less than 15,000 young German Americans were drilled with real and dummy military weapons during the summer of 1938. When in the camps each of them wears a uniform with black trousers, white shirt, and storm trooper's cap. The guards wear an olive uniform with a brown leather belt, while the Storm Troops wear regulation German uniforms, specially imported from the Reich regardless of expense.

The Bund is organised from its headquarters in Yorkville, the German quarter of New York. From an office, at which the Swastika is much in evidence, are supervised the three district leaders at New York, Milwaukee and Los Angeles, who cover the whole country. Under and appointed by them are the local leaders of the 93 units of the German-American Bund located in selected big cities and

towns. Each of these local units reports to the district leader every month, and the district leader in his turn reports to headquarters at New York. From there detailed statements are sent regularly to Berlin, where Kühn has visited Hitler to make personal reports on the progress of Nazi penetration in the United States.

It has been officially proved that the German-American Bund is liberally supplied with modern arms. A witness at an inquiry held as long ago as 1938 asserted that rifles were taken for their drills from the armoury of a New York regiment; they had been secured by a member of the Bund, who was also a captain in the United States army. It was also said that the Bund had not only bought some types of arms locally, but smuggled others from Europe. Many of their branches have special stores of arms and ammunition, and at the investigation mentioned above the United States Attorney General was presented with plentiful evidence of the movement of arms from one Bund camp to another, and across state boundaries, the latter in itself an offence. Some Bund members have even gone so far as to say that theirs is "a civilian army which might bring about a *putsch* which, by reason of the scattered army of the United States, might be successful."

Alarmed by these revelations, the German Government privately warned the Bund that the time was not yet ripe for a revolution in the United States, but that the German "minority" there must be educated and organised for such an event. To-day, therefore, the German-American Bund thinks that they can best exercise their political influence by supporting those in the United States who believe in isolation. Knowing that the United States could not in any case join Germany, the local Nazis care little so long as they can ensure that North America stays out of the war. One example of their influence was shown in September, 1939, following President Roosevelt's special message to Congress during a change in the United States Neutrality Act. Evidence of the feeling of the American public on this issue, gathered by the Gallup Survey and "Fortune" magazine, showed that the population of the United States was overwhelmingly in favour of the proposed change in the Act. Yet the day the President addressed Congress on the issue, no less than 487,000 letters and cards, addressed to Senators and Congressmen, all of them against any change in the Neutrality Act, passed through the Post Office at the Capitol. It was afterwards established that numberless cables had been received by Germans in the United States in which Berlin ordered: "Ask all your friends at once to appeal by telegram for the full maintenance of the Neutrality Laws." Unfortunately for the Nazis, however, Fritz Kühn was shortly afterwards arrested on a charge of having embezzled the funds of the German-American Bund over a long period. Perhaps he had acted in accordance with the principle enunciated by Herr Hitler in a speech he made prior to 1933. "We may be immoral," Hitler had said, "but if our people is saved we have paved the way for morality." Whatever Kühn's purpose may have been, he was sentenced to imprisonment from two and a half to five years, while the secretary of the Bund, James Wheeler-Hill, was arrested on a charge of perjury.

Despite their "Führer's" temporary absence, the German American Bund continues its activities. Its 400,000 members are still ruled from the headquarters in Yorkville, where Kühn's deputy occupies his large desk, flanked by uniformed Storm Troops. The continued activity of the Bund has been frequently apparent. Since the outbreak of war the Bund and its members have been responsible for innumerable acts of sabotage throughout the United States. In August, 1940, a Congressman declared he had evidence of 100,000 wreckers in the American arms and munition works. In August, 1940, Mr. Edgar Hoover said that scrap metal had been put into the engines of warships, and emery powder into aeroplane engines. "Schools" had been started by Nazi agents where the most terrible means of creating destruction were taught. Mr. Hoover—who is Chief of the G-men—urged every city in the United States to give the utmost protection to its utility undertakings. "The demoralisation of cities by means of water famine," he warned, "has already been used by totalitarian saboteurs." A sequence of occurrences widely believed in America to be due to Nazi sabotage began with an explosion at a New Jersey powder factory in September. There then followed in quick succession a serious fire at the War Department in Washington; a fire at Pennsylvania arsenal; an attempt to bomb hangars at an army air field at San Francisco. Last November there were no fewer than five similar disasters in half an hour. Such sabotage has continued ever since. One of the latest examples was the fire at the New Jersey pier which destroyed £2,000,000 worth of supplies awaiting shipment to Britain.

The United States has, however, been conducting a clean-up, and has arrested a number of suspects, thirty-three of whom were indicted for conspiracy, together with the German Government, on Tuesday. Among them Frederick Joubert Duquesne, a spy of forty years' standing, is a lecturer, William Gustave Kaercher, an electric-power plant designer, Lily Stein, the "social finger" for the organisation. On the same day the *West Point* left for Lisbon, bearing 500 expelled Axis agents and their families. They included Dr. Kurt Rieth "No. 1 Nazi in United States," Captain Fritz Wiedemann, the San Francisco leader, and the New Orleans Consul, Baron Edgar von und zu Peckelsheim.

A LONDON DIARY

MRS. Jarvis, who comes in to help with the washing-up, looked pleased when she arrived at the cottage on Sunday afternoon. "Did you hear the 1 o'clock news?" she said, "It's lovely, isn't it?" "What do you mean, Mrs. Jarvis?" "The war's over," she said, "I didn't hear everything, but there was talk of peace and the terms that they were making to end the fighting." So far to remedy the deficiencies in Mrs. Jarvis's education as to explain the difference between the campaign in Syria and the world war was quite beyond my capacity. The war to Mrs. Jarvis has meant a series of evacuees. She always likes the children and is delighted when they arrive. After a few weeks life becomes very black. Her husband is an agricultural labourer; he gets his breakfast at 4 o'clock in the morning. No wonder she is cross with the town woman, who sleeps in the spare bed and expects to find breakfast ready for her when she gets up anywhere between 9 and 10. Apparently Mrs. Jarvis can never bring herself to tell her guest that she must make her own bed or do a hand's turn in the house. So Mrs. Jarvis was pleased that the war was over. It meant that her spare room would again be used by her son instead of a lazy woman from London. Nor is Mrs. Jarvis's state of mind very different from that of other people in the village. Now that we are bombing Germany and not getting many bombs ourselves, now that the Russians are holding their own, they mostly assume that the war will be over by September; and this is only 40 miles from London.

* * *

The British and Russian Governments (Mr. Eden deserves particular credit) are to be congratulated for fixing up the Treaty with such exemplary promptitude. The principal danger of delay was by-passed by leaving the Russian-Polish tangle to quite separate negotiation. Poland has been nominally at war with Russia as well as Germany ever since 1939, and I was not surprised to hear that there were delays in the negotiations. The main lines of the agreement, about which Mr. Churchill expressed confidence in the House this week, are, I believe, to be that the Russo-German agreement of 1939 which affects Poland is to be finally abrogated; that the U.S.S.R. will agree to recognise a Polish State when the war is over, and that until then the disputed frontier question is to be left aside. The problem of the Polish prisoners in Russia is to be solved by the formation of a Polish Army in the U.S.S.R., but there are difficult problems about the relations of the Russian and Polish Command of this legion.

* * *

Everyone I've spoken to, officials, politicians and private citizens, agrees as to the lamentable effect of playing a bad record of a Russian marching song in the series of well-recorded National Anthems. Here is our new and powerful ally deliberately put on to a different footing from all the others, mostly unimportant and defeated, allies. The High Authority who made this decision was the Prime Minister himself. A blind spot, like his Indian myopia? A stand on principle perhaps; he could swallow the camel of a treaty pledging mutual aid to the end, but he strained at the gnat of an anthem which would seem to show approval of the symbol of international working-class solidarity. The final get-away of abolishing all the National Anthems (true, they had long become a bore) just makes everyone hoot with laughter. Whether the crop of rumours that Mr. Duff Cooper is to resign, in favour, some say, of Mr. Brendan Bracken, has anything to do with this incident I do not know. Mr. Duff Cooper may well have felt that this was the last straw—provided to the Ministry for the purpose of dropping bricks. The advantage of Mr. Brendan Bracken, if he is indeed appointed, is that he would at least be in a position, as Mr. Churchill's intimate adviser, to explain to the Prime Minister just how impossible the position of the Ministry of Information has become.

I know no one who is concerned with propaganda who does not see the weakness of Britain's negative attitude. We shall refuse Hitler's "peace offensive"—we have been told so a hundred times. But shall we reply with a counter-offensive? Apart from the question of propaganda in Europe, I note the danger of chattering about the British "way of life," and so forth, as if "freedom" in itself meant to everyone what it means to those who already have economic security. The Bishop of Birmingham put the point well at the Oxford Conference of the National Peace Council last week. What does the "freedom to live your own life" mean, he asked, to the mechanic working on a conveyor belt? Compare his lot with that of his predecessor of 100 years ago. His housing is better and so is his food—indeed, his life has gained in physical amenity all round. As against this he has lost religion, said the Bishop, and has lost, therefore, that faith in another world which enabled his father to bear the injustices and anomalies of this one. He has also lost his hope of removing the injustices and anomalies. To his predecessor of 100 years ago Chartism offered the hope of political equality; of 50 years ago Socialism the hope of social justice. The contemporary worker, having gained the first, has found it a gain on paper only—the voting paper—and has lost hope of the second. In every direction his political and social consciousness is frustrated. He elects his member to Parliament only to see him swallowed up by the Labour Party, whose main object seems to be to make capitalism work. He has built the strongest Trades Union movement in the world, only to find that, too often, it has become part of the management. The Bishop felt that this worker's opposite number in Totalitarian countries may have more contact with the nature, and more security and more belief that he is taking a hand in the reconstruction of society. Is it any wonder, Dr. Barnes asked, that many of our workers whom modern scepticism has robbed of their hope of the next world and big business of their hope of this, should turn in their bewilderment to Totalitarian ideas? Meaning and significance can only be restored to the worker's life when big business becomes part of the State organisation instead of remaining, as it is to-day, an irresponsible social force owning no canons but those of profit-making.

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The initial difficulties of egg control will no doubt be overcome. There are delays, partly due to the arrival of more eggs at the packing stations than the Ministry had expected, and there is wastage due to inadequate egg boxes and many other complications. But one difficulty which involves real hardship to the egg producer, who is often a local retailer, seems insuperable. The fact is that the countryman who buys direct from the farm and the farmer who sells to him have always been much better off than the townsman in the matter of eggs and now they will lose their advantage. "Mr. Jones never sold a stale egg"—and this reputation gave him pride and goodwill. Now, under control, Mr. Jones has to consign *all* his eggs to the Ministry's collecting centre. Then, if he has, say, 50 registered retail customers, he can draw his share of eggs repurchased from the centre. But not his own eggs. Anyway, the eggs will be mixed eggs of uncertain ancestry (I heard of a case where he got Canadian eggs) and still more uncertain date. The customer, who may, in hot weather especially, even get bad eggs and certainly will get them less fresh, is angry, Mr. Jones, who loses his goodwill, can only explain that the fault is not his and comfort himself as best he can by the higher price he gets from the subsidised and controlled market. But the moral is that in a pooled world individuals and groups in privileged positions must suffer some hardship by pooling.

* * *

A friend of mine was among the people who were machine-gunned on Sunday night. The German aeroplane, flying only fifty feet above the village, hit a train and wounded three people. Naturally in the course of four swoops its bullets were widely spread. Little boys crowded round in the morning asking to be allowed to collect bullets from the lawn. No siren blew. My friend asked the Chief Warden why? "Ah," he said, "we only blow if we get the signal from Barchester. All the London sirens blew, but Barchester only had a warning and no siren. So we couldn't blow our siren. Against Security Order, it would have been."

* * *

Another Russian conversation sent me by a friend who took part in it swears that, incredible though it sounds, it actually happened. "I was making a long train journey a day or so after Germany invaded Russia, and at lunch I got into conversation with two generals and a major. Rather humbly I asked one of the generals what he thought of the new situation. 'Oh,' he said 'those Russians have been asking for trouble for the last twenty years, and now they've got it.' 'But, sir,' said the major, diffidently, 'surely we ought to hope that they will inflict some damage on the Germans before they go under?' 'Nonsense,' said the second general, 'Bolshevik bombs never go off, and a good thing, too.'"

* * *

Would you believe it? A country cousin asked the other day whether Maples was "still burning." My friend replied: "Certainly not; I think they have a sale on." "But," said the country cousin, "I heard them say on the wireless that the R.A.F. had bombed Maples." Incredible? No, and I believe true. There are people who just hear phrases on the wireless (which is always left on) who do not think at all, and have a notion where Naples is. From such come rumours.

CRITIC

HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET

The decision was taken in high quarters not to broadcast the *Internationale* because in this country at any rate it has an international and subversive significance.—Ministry of Information. July 13th.

BECAUSE the British Tories fear the Red,
Because we doubt Conservative *morale*,
Because the Isolationists we dread
We do not play the *Internationale*.

Because we dare not sound a call to war
Among the anthems of downtrodden lands
To silence with its loud tempestuous roar
Their orchestras and organs and brass bands,

Because its modern harmonies confuse
The motley sovereignties that Britain leads,
And disarrange the patriotic blues
Of broken blossoms and of broken reeds,

Because, though stranded in our darkest hour
The treachery of Allies we outlive,
But preservation by an outcast Power
We never could forget, far less forgive,

Because its sentiments are not our own,
And yet, to earth's remotest confines borne,
Its universal but subversive tone
Brings hope not quite sufficiently forlorn,

Because we plan a British peace for all,
Because we lead the *Soirée musicale*,
Because we are not international
We do not play the *Internationale*.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to C. M. Lifetree.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Sir Gerald thought it rather snobbish for a set to call themselves "workers." He thought "masters and men" a nice way of putting it.—*Daily Herald.*

. . . We have to bear in mind that, while the war may last a year or two, racing will go on for a long, long time.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Southern Command headquarters has apologised to Bournemouth Council for not telling it of the intention to ban officers from Bournemouth Municipal Pavilion ballroom.

The ban was imposed because of difficulties arising out of some dances such as the Paul Jones. "An officer," it was said, "might have to take his partner back to the table where N.C.O.s and other ranks may be sitting."

It is possible that arrangements may be made for officers only to be admitted to the ballroom on certain nights and other ranks on other nights.—*Daily Express.*

It will be noticed that the British Empire is particularly poorly off with regard to commercial sulphur deposits, which means that it is entirely dependent on foreign supplies, coming chiefly from the U.S.A. and Italy. It might be suggested that, following the successful outcome of hostilities with Italy, the British Government should demand the cession of Sicily as spoils of war and that this island should be incorporated in the Empire as a British Colony.—*Mining Magazine.*

It is too early yet to start festivity funds for celebrations of victory. Mr. Duff Cooper, the Minister of Information, said in London yesterday that he was astonished to learn what was being done in some parts of the country.—*News Chronicle.*

COLONIAL OUTLOOK

THE complex issues of the war are not so plain to native populations as they are to us. Among colonial peoples as a whole there is no doubt that this is an imperialist war. It is being fought in their countries and for their resources. Every peasant in the Near East knows all about it. For subject races it is a class war; their members are all stepped down in human values. None of them has the normal degree of mastery over his fate which characterises adult manhood. The reaction of the colonial peoples to subjection is nearly universal, though in some cases it is only nascent; it varies from the fighting nationalism of Arabs and Berbers to tribal movements among Samoans and Kikuyu. The considerable success of Nazi "liberation" propaganda in the Near East is grafted on the disillusion of the Arab world with Britain and France, who did not fulfil their pledges of the last war to free Syria and Palestine. On the other hand, the gifts made to the war out of the poverty of British colonials are as moving as Africans volunteering to serve in the King's African Rifles, and they are due to two causes. They believe that Nazi rule would mean slavery and that Allied rule means the hope of freedom. And in particular this is an African war. It is a fight for justice to a "black" nation, Abyssinia; and by our fidelity to our promise of Abyssinian independence colonial peoples the world over will judge us.

Meantime, Lord Moyne's speech in the Lords last week marked an important stage in colonial government. Apart from giving details regarding administration under war conditions, he said that the colonial governments were being encouraged to send in schemes to be financed by the Colonial Development and Welfare Act. Twenty-four schemes are approved and a hundred more are to be considered. This possibility of money must have burst upon longing officials like water from the rock. £200,000 for reafforestation in Cyprus: fencing at last, to save the baby trees from the Lastex two-way stretch of the goats' necks! All the mournful "should haves" of the annual reports turning to "will haves": this island should have land settlement, this town should have a water supply, this province should have a maternity hospital. It will take a lot more money than the Development Act provides, but a career of welfare schemes, once started, is fortunately hard to stop. Secondly, Lord Moyne stated that colonial trade and development would have to be much more regulated and controlled by governments after the war.

> The organisation of export marketing which had already been achieved with the colonies of our Allies would have to be continued. Whether on a world-wide or on a regional or continental system, it would surely be necessary to have some co-ordinating authority. Besides those of economics there would be many other problems, scientific, administrative and political, that would have to be dealt with on more than a local plane. Machinery for that purpose would have to be devised.

Now the first part of this plan means actual international control of crops and minerals produced in colonies. It is in being already, in the rubber and tea schemes; 23 governments are represented on the tea committee, their task being to see that the producer is not sweated at one end nor the consumer stung at the other. The defect of the existent controls is their lack of publicity: their statistics and reports should be widely published. It is, however, clear that with these strong trends towards cartelisation, tropical products will pass under world organisation in any case. This is true even of competing raw materials such as the edible oils. The alternative lies between purely private world monopoly and public control, and we welcome the government's choice of the latter policy.

This and the "many other problems" alluded to by Lord Moyne open the way to that extension of the mandatory system for which believers in it have been asking for years. In essence, that system is simple. It rests upon the basis of trusteeship, or wardship of peoples not yet able to stand by themselves. Their rulers accept provisions for native welfare; they report verbally and in writing every year to an international committee of experts. The Mandates Commission is only advisory, but it is disinterested, it meets regularly and the records of its meetings are published. The system, despite its limitation to the ex-empires of Turkey and Germany, has had considerable effect; in especial it has enormously increased public knowledge of colonial problems and awakened public conscience on abuses. The same process could very well be applied to the trade controls and to problems such as population, migration, labour, hygiene and epidemic control, forestry, agriculture and nutrition. International schemes of research should be set up on all these, and the research centres should report publicly to the Mandates Commission, strengthened by expert sections, such as one for commerce and the I.L.O. for labour. The research centres could also form foci for administrative co-operation between governments. The fruits of such research, and men trained at research centres, could well be used by tropical countries which are not colonies, such as Abyssinia and some Latin American states.

Lord Moyne also announced that a small official committee had been set up in the Colonial Office to plan post-war colonial economics, under Lord Hailey. This is excellent news, especially as the committee is to be in touch with "outside bodies." We hope these include the Mandates section of the League, the I.L.O., the Colonial Ministers of the Allies, Miss Margery Perham at Nuffield College, the Missionary Societies, the anti-Slavery Society, and, above all, the anthropologists. We are all for the Colonial Office taking the bit between its teeth and planning in a wildly un-British manner. There is one danger, however, in all this, and we hope that Lord Hailey, the authority on Africa will guard against Lord Hailey, the Indian administrator. It is the danger of benevolent oligarchy, which drugged and stunted Indian development for so long. The Colonial Office and colonial administrations occupy a position of extraordinary and almost untramelled power. Public knowledge and opinion about the colonies is greater than it used to be, but that is thanks to the mandatory system, not to the Colonial Office, which prefers to keep its doings quietly veiled in obscure blue books. Parliament seldom touches colonial legislation, the bulk of which is enacted by order in council. A group of members in the House of Lords, led by Lord Lugard, are experts, and good debates take place there. The House of Commons is strangely indifferent to the colonies. Mr. Amery and Mr. Creech Jones are rarities. Now and then news of riots in the West Indies, or of colour bar in British mines in North Rhodesia, stir public indignation, but the interest is spasmodic, discontinuous and therefore ineffective. In sober fact, every time a British citizen votes he votes for himself and for two other people; two unenfranchised British subjects whose government is ultimately determined by elections in these islands. But how many of us realise that responsibility or do anything about it? The Colonial Office ought to be educating us in empire; but of course busy government officials regard public opinion as a pest. Few of them realise that public opinion is their only reliable defence force against the interests, financial, trading, or settler, who frequently are led by Quislings high in conservative government circles.

Far graver is the danger of benevolent oligarchy to the colonial peoples. An industrial and agricultural revolution such as Europe never knew is transferring them from the ninth to the nineteenth century in a generation. The imperial governments have awakened to the devastating effects of tropical production for export, and are grappling with them. The international controls Lord Moyne suggests are one means of modifying the impact of capitalism. Others are safeguards for native land-tenure, still far from complete; and the prevention of over-recruiting of labour. A major measure which could ameliorate the evils resultant upon mining, the most socially disruptive of all tropical exploitations, would be state ownership of mines and the dedication of all profits to native welfare. But there is a temptation to take over "progress" from traders and settlers and apply it through officials inspired with an immense lust for efficiency. People are apt to look at railways and roads and say, "These were made by forced labour; forced labour must be all right." They forget the fearful toll of death exacted by such works, carried out by conscripts who did not understand the need for them. Africans and Islanders are no different from Europeans; they will give service to the community if they see the point of it. Thus it is essential to enlist the co-operation of the people in progress, even if it means delay and immediate loss of impetus. The organisation of native co-operation in production and marketing is far the best corrective to tropical capitalism. The enlistment of native authorities and leaders in schemes for schools, irrigation, tsetse control, hospitals, is worth any number of benefits bestowed on them from above. Local government is their opportunity for education in their changed surroundings; and used as Sir Donald Cameron used it in Tanganyika, it can transform the the outlook of whole tribes. There should be room in the general administration of these new welfare schemes to use the educated natives now at a loss for opportunity to serve their people. But if the colonies are to master industrialisation and to avoid the resentful stagnation of older imperialism, we shall have to bear constantly in mind that the immediate interests of efficiency will often have to yield to the long-distance advantages of self-government and self-development.

THAT BAD WORD

THE word propaganda has gone bad on us. It has become too strongly associated with Germany, lies, and some of our own more futile uplift and pep. The average man, if he exists, might ask why "propaganda" is necessary at all: why not facts. Few men really recognise how unattractive naked truth generally is, or how much, even in peacetime, they are "propagandised" by the press, the radio, books, films, their wives, their employers, the Church, and the conversation of their friends. I feel that one of the jobs of propaganda in this country, now, is to define itself. Obviously it isn't for us, Hitler's idea of the biggest possible lie told so often and so well that people believe it. Propaganda, I take it, is for us neither undiluted fact nor misleading statement. Within these limits I have tried to get some definitions. One was: "to present an idea so as to achieve the desired result." Short, but Goebbelsesque, I thought. I liked better a lumpier one, which I could not shorten: "the presentation in written, oral or spoken form of an idea or fact in a way which commends it most happily to the largest number of people over the longest period of time."

If some such definition is accepted, propaganda, like all publicity, falls into three main divisions—fact or idea, presentation of fact or idea, result of presentation. This can be expressed by Bible, vicar, church attendance; proprietor, editor, sales; producer, director, box office, and so on. The trinity may break down because the idea is wrong, the presentation bad, or the result nullified by something outside the control of either; but generally, I think, the trinity is there. In so far as it can be expressed in the *organisation* of wartime propaganda—and it must be remembered that the choice of the right people is a different point, into which human fallibility and jealousy enter—one might term it direction, presentation, observation. Now is direction, presentation, observation expressed by Warcabinetduff-cooperservicedepts, administratorscensorsproducers, nosnoopers-please? It is doubtful; the functions have become too mixed up; and the idea, from which everything else should spring, is none too good.

Is this not, perhaps, the first great weakness of all our propaganda—that we cannot have an idea, or be convincing, because we are not fighting for anything that *we* have made ourselves, but chiefly, and almost entirely, for what was made by our forefathers? The strength, and also the weakness, of German propaganda is that the Nazis are fighting for something (never mind how bad) which they have made themselves, *but* only over a very brief period. The greater strength, as I think, of Russian propaganda lies in the fact that the young people of Russia have been brought up all their lives to believe, and do, in my experience, sincerely believe, that they have founded the perfect state. And for that I think they will fight until Hitler is defeated. But we ourselves are midway. We are conditioned partly by imperialist traditions, which don't look so attractive or simple as they did to our forefathers, and partly by a desire for something better than the last twenty years have given us. And that something better doesn't square with imperialism or capitalism. So we respond less eagerly to imperialistic slogans, and look the other way when people talk about the Rhondda Valley or Indian prisons. And we are forced back to the idea that we are fighting "to save our skins": not a very enlivening one.

So much for generalisations about the Idea. Now for the idea plus presentation. Mr. Duff-Cooper says that the task of propaganda can be reduced to two main messages—our cause is right, and we are bound to win. All honour to him for attempting these simple directives. Simple directives are good, provided that (*a*) they can be backed by a sufficiency of facts and illustrations, and (*b*) they can be presented effectively in varying styles to suit varying audiences. Apply these tests to the two main messages. First, what cause? To preserve the Empire of our forefathers, to defend freedom, to save our skins, to build a better England, to smash Hitler? Secondly, how far can any of our possible causes be convincingly shown to be "right"? Imperialism is ticklish, the freedom of small nations—perhaps even, to some extent, the freedom of the individual—are concepts which have been changed a good deal by economic, social and scientific changes, saving our skins is not a cause but an instinct, smashing Hitler is not a cause but an aim; and as for building a better England, we've done, and are doing, precious little; let anyone who doubts it study juvenile crime. Second main message—we are bound to win. It is, of course—as an effective slogan—dependent on the first. "Give us the cause, and we will finish the job." To all this the reply may well be that England never needed "causes" to fight for; she fought for England the greatness thereof. Precisely; but we no longer think in those terms. We may love England no less if our conception of her greatness lies rather in the attainment of security against economic exploitation, decent human relationships, equal opportunities and education, than in holding down a quarter of the globe, or whatever it is we do hold down. Thus the producer, whether press, films or broadcasting, gets nipped between direction and sales. The Idea does not quite hold water: it is not quite acceptable to the audience. Presentation gets blamed from both sides for no real fault of its own; and endless red herrings appear, the worst of which is that the lack of ideas or presentation or both can be solved by organisation. And thus we come to our second weakness—too many cooks.

For too many cooks I cry you mercy if I go to personal experience. I worked for eight years in the B.B.C. and afterwards directed Indian broadcasting for five. Shortly before the outbreak of war I was seconded to the Ministry of Information for two months "planning"; at the end of 1939 I returned to India where I was a member of the mercifully small Information Board (five people in all). In 1940 and 1941 I worked at the B.B.C. for seven months and in the Publicity Department of the Ministry of Food for six. Therefore I have had fourteen years of publicity work, which may have left me as stupid as it found me, but at any rate provided me with some experience. It seemed to me that I was always seeing the same thing happening—too many cooks. Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*—I am sorry, but there it is—makes two interesting points about war propaganda, namely, that any successful organisation must be controlled by its original leaders, few in number, and must not be swamped by the mass of the mediocre who will sweep into it *if* it is successful; and that propaganda must never be decided by "committees" but must be the *responsibility* of producers.

The B.B.C. at Savoy Hill was (it seems to me) an alert and sparkling little organisation working with immense conviction and purpose. Embedded in the concrete honeycomb of Portland Place, it sagged under an ever-increasing burden of administrators, and people who had thrown all their energies into it began to take country houses and work from ten till five. I resolved that that should not happen in India; and, much against Governmental ideas, I tried to keep numbers down, and administration always absolutely subordinate to programmes. I succeeded only partly, because the pressure from those who want to put on brakes (it is easier and they are therefore more numerous) is infinitely greater than the pressure of those who want to supply motive power. In 1939 I watched the Ministry of Information filling the even more immense honeycomb of Malet Street—73 directors in one day was the current rumour—from the ranks of professors and civil servants. In 1940 I watched the B.B.C. positively spawning staff. How many of this host are producers or originators of programme material? Twenty? Thirty? Even a hundred? In India there is, as I have said, an Information Board of five people, representing the Government, the press, radio, films, defence and security. Its meetings were brief and to the point; it made use of existing services, and helped them; it seemed to work. I very much doubt whether even a world service presents a much more complicated problem than the Indian one; not, at any rate, surely, complicated in the ratio of five to thirteen hundred. Or, to take broadcasting, in the ratio of two hundred and fifty to four or five thousand. Too many cooks.

Propaganda is an art. An art is largely a matter of taste and opinion. Organisation cannot produce or sustain an art. My own opinion is no better than yours; House of Commons opinions are not necessarily better, on such a point, than ours. But the inconclusive debate leaves one with an itch to say something conclusive. Therefore don't mind me if I venture to suggest that:

(1) A great many of the causes for which we *do* want to fight *can* be defined. There is nothing to prevent us, even during a war, from having a thoroughly good and violent whack at unemployment, industry after the war, housing, education, our Indian and Colonial problems, international trade, and the new Europe. There are plenty of able people to think about these matters. If we come planless to a new Treaty of Versailles or London, it will be another mess. Unless of course it is a Treaty of Moscow, with Stalin in the chair. He will have a plan.

(2) The function of the Ministry of Information, as well as (through that Ministry) Government and Service Departments, should be clearly defined as Information and Censorship, and nothing else. But information must mean information, not prevention.

Before the mission's arrival, press photographers were approached by a military intelligence officer who told them: "You must not take pictures of British and Russian officers shaking hands. They would not be passed for

publication." A protest was made, and when Sir Henry Pownall was told he said: "What infernal nonsense!"—*Daily Express.*

(3) Presentation services, whether press, films or radio, should have responsibility and a free hand once information-plus-censorship has been issued. That applies not only to the M. of I., whose business is emphatically not to interfere with presentation, but also to administrative officials within the presentation services themselves who emasculate writers' or producers' ideas and methods by the blue pencil and the timid view.

(4) The Ministry of Information should be a small body—wouldn't three hundred, instead of thirteen, really do?—mainly composed of active news-hawks. Service departments engaged in operational work won't part with news unless it is prised out of them; they naturally regard it as secondary and not their business anyhow; somebody must get it. And the Minister must be sufficiently news-hawk and statesman combined to value the prising method and sometimes to withhold the prize.

(5) Presentation services should be controlled by men who are skilled in presentation, and not by administrators. A B.B.C. producer now goes, even after the release of news, through the following number of censorship or administrative "channels" before a programme is "passed": military matters 3, air 1, naval 1, inside recording 2, outside recording 3, booking of speakers 1, of musicians 1, of actors 1, copyright 1, booking of studio 1, booking of waiting-room 1, car 1, train 1, car *with* secretary 1, drinks or food 1, reception of distinguished persons (very important) 1. All these channels might quite well be used in a single programme. The upshot of all this is that a great many administrators work their great brains feverishly over complicating the problems of waiting-rooms, in order to show that they are doing their job, and the producers howl for additional staff to deal with the administrators. A perfect snowball of too many cooks; stop it!

LIONEL FIELDEN

CIGARETTE PAPER

A LABOURER of 65 went into a public-house recently and asked for cigarettes. The publican said that he had none, whereupon the cigarette-lover pulled out a revolver, said: "I'm going to do you," and fired. The publican ducked and was missed, but this did not save the elderly gunman from a sentence of six months' imprisonment at the Birmingham Assizes, where Mr. Justice Stable told him with considerable acuteness: "If everybody was shot in these days because they had no cigarettes, there would be hardly any one left."

There would certainly be a great diminution in the number of publicans and tobacconists. And, apart from this, it would be extremely unpleasant for those of us with a peace-loving temperament if there were no means of obtaining cigarettes except at the end of a gun. Tobacco began as a symbol of peace, and it would be disastrous to introduce these Wild West extravagances into the sale and purchase of so friendly a commodity. Besides, if customers begin to arm themselves, publicans and tobacconists will arm themselves, too, and many of them will probably shoot on suspicion as one enters the door. Few things could persaude me to give up tobacco, but one of them would be a state of affairs in which I might have to duck in order to avoid bullets every time I entered a public-house or tobacconist's shop.

There are people, however, who will defend the elderly gunman. They will say that he showed that in his love of cigarettes he was at least passionate and free from the contemptible half-vice of Laodiceanism. They will quote Luther's "Pecca fortiter" in his favour, and Blake's "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom"—a statement in regard to the truth of which, so far as I have been able to discover, the evidence is 5 per cent. for, and 95 per cent. against. I am willing to admit that, in comparison with this particular man, the rest of us smokers have given little proof of our devotion to tobacco: we have sacrificed nothing to it except health and money. He alone was prepared to go to gaol for it as other men go to gaol for an ideal. I cannot help thinking, however, that even in one's passion for tobacco an Aristotelean moderation is desirable. Smoke from morning to night if you like, but draw the line at shooting publicans in order that you may do so. That is counsel of which, I am sure, the Greek sages with their "Nothing too much" would have approved.

Yet how necessary cigarettes seem to us now that we cannot get them so easily! No sooner do new supplies arrive at a tobacco-stall in a railway-station than crowds gather round in quest of them as eager as travellers in the desert approaching an oasis. Many of us have a curious guilty feeling as we draw near the counter. Is it that we feel that we are getting the cigarettes at the expense of somebody else, or is it that we are afraid of being suspected of hoarding? Whatever the explanation may be, we overcome our sensitiveness, and make off with a packet of twenty as with a rich prize. Now we are safe—safe from tobaccolessness—for another few hours. A great crisis has passed. We breathe more freely. We feel sorry for all the people who are unable to obtain cigarettes, but our sorrow is alleviated by our own good fortune in having a packet in our pocket.

I cannot remember the exact date at which I first smoked a cigarette. I cannot have been more than ten years old, and the cigarette was made of cinnamon. On our way home from school another boy and I used to call at a public-house which sold liquorice laces and cinnamon cigarettes as well as other things, that we did not then know were better worth buying, and, when we had bought our cigarettes, we set off to smoke them in the secrecy of the grounds of a nursery gardener. The taste was quite pleasant, but even more pleasant was the sense of behaving like men. It is a curious fact that in childhood and boyhood one does not envy grown-up people and that one yet wants to imitate them. One wants to imitate them, at least, in the matter of smoking.

If there was any period of my early life at which I did not love to see men smoking and long to imitate them, I cannot remember it. To see a man sitting in an armchair with clouds round his head from a clay or briar pipe must have given me almost as much pleasure as the tobacco gave him. I enjoyed smelling tobacco even in the unsmoked state: it seemed to me to deserve the name of Honeydew, which some genius had invented for it. But the look of tobacco-smoke was still better than the smell of tobacco. All children like watching clouds, and here was a whole roomful of clouds. My puny efforts to produce such clouds myself did not end well; but even an experience that can in moderate language be described only as purgatorial did not lessen my devotion to the pipe and my admiration of those who smoked it.

Having suffered, however, I did not try tobacco again till I was in my teens—and then, at first only in the form of cigarettes. The popular cigarette of the day was Duke's Cameo, and many a holiday was the brighter for its glow. In order to remove the smell of tobacco some boys used deodorant sweets; one of them chewed soap; another match-heads. I myself relied on the tobacco-laden atmosphere of my home to keep me safe from detection. Even in those early days when I smoked an occasional cigarette, however, I was not a cigarette-smoker at heart. The pipe remained my ideal; and, when I bought a pipe during my last year at school, I could have sworn that I was now a pipe-smoker for life. How beautiful were the young women who sold tobacco in those days! One trembled at the sight of their beauty as one entered the shop for one's weekly ounce of Log Cabin or Tortoiseshell. One longed to be able to say something, but one could never think of anything to say beyond "An ounce of Tortoiseshell, please." None the less, as one left the shop one was conscious of having had a wonderful experience, and one looked forward to a repetition of it a week later.

Outside among one's friends one was more at one's ease. What men of the world they seemed as they discussed pipes of various kinds! One would declare that the best briar pipe was a G.B.D.; another would stand up for a B.B.; one of them, who had more money than the rest, said there was nothing to touch a meerschaum; an art-student maintained that a cherrywood pipe gave the sweetest smoke of all. I never attained to expertness in these matters. I smoked pipes of all sorts indifferently, not caring much whether the mouth-piece was made of vulcanite or of amber. When I took to smoking a clay pipe, I did so, not because I preferred it to a briar, but because I had become a Socialist. Yet the young get an enviable pleasure from being experts and from expounding their preferences. Half my friends loved their briar pipes as though there were no other such pipes in the world. While smoking, a real enthusiast would every now and then rub the hot bowl slowly against the side of his nose to give it the oily polish so precious a possession deserved.

I doubt whether smoking is ever so pleasant again after one has passed out of one's teens and early twenties. The pleasure of smoking is at that age still positive. The unruined palate of the young misses no minutest particle of the Elysian flavour. The smell of tobacco blends most exquisitely with the smells of nature, especially with the smell of the sea when one smokes a pipe before breakfast on a rock after an early bathe. It is no mere formality in those days to say that the first pipe after breakfast—or before it—is the best of the day.

Alas, such times cannot continue. At least, they did not continue for me. Increasing my consumption gradually from an ounce of

tobacco a week to an ounce a day, I had already reduced myself from an epicure to a slave before I was half-way through my twenties. Not that I had ceased to enjoy smoking, but the bloom had worn off an enjoyment that had become a habit.

I am certain that, if I had gone on enjoying pipe-smoking as much as I did when I began it, I should never have given up my pipe for that miserable substitute, the cigarette. Sharing a studio in London with another man, however, and finding that I was constantly smoking his cigarettes between pipes, I felt that I could no longer sponge on him in this fashion and that it was only fair that I should buy cigarettes as well as smoke them. That was the beginning of my downfall. More and more seldom did I fill my pipe; more and more often was a cigarette between my lips. And, before I realised what was happening, I had become a chain-smoker.

Not a complete chain-smoker, perhaps, for the complete chain-smoker inhales. As I was a born pipe-smoker who had become a cigarette-smoker only by a kind of accident, I retained the habits of the pipe-smoker in regard to inhalation. Besides, I had found in boyhood that I could not inhale deeply without becoming giddy—as giddy as if I were on the edge of a precipice, and I do not like precipices. Other people tell me that they would not think cigarettes worth smoking unless they inhaled. I agree. They are not.

Why anybody after the age of 25 smokes at all except from habit I cannot make out. I rather hope that in the next few months tobacco will become so bad that the habit will be unpleasant and so easy to abandon. There is already one brand of cigarettes which is so vile that it fills me with hope. If all cigarettes become as bad, elderly labourers will be shooting publicans, not for having no cigarettes, but for selling them cigarettes like these.

When this happens, I for one will begin to lead a new life.

Y. Y.

MILLER'S—THE ARTS IN SUSSEX

A GOOD little collection of modern paintings, French and English—Bonnard, Rouault, Matisse, Vlaminck, Derain, Gris, Sickert, Duncan Grant, Matthew Smith, Vanessa Bell, John, Pissarro, a minute Renoir and a water-colour by Cézanne—is to be seen at Miller's, in the Lewes High Street. The gallery is called "Miller's" because the house of which it was once the stable is so-called; and the house is called Miller's because it belonged to a miller: they are as simple as that in Sussex. The gallery, which is small, sympathetic and well lit, is designed for the exhibition of pictures; but the two ladies who created and inspire the enterprise have further and by no means unrealisable aims. Already they are organising concerts of chamber music. Drama and dancing are to follow. In fact, it is hoped to make of Miller's a home of the arts in Sussex; and not only a home but a hearth, radiating warmth and light. First and foremost, however, Miller's will be a picture-gallery; and since, before the war, amateurs from all over the country, from all over the world for that matter, were in the habit of going to Lewes to hear music, I see no reason why they should not get into a way of going there to see painting.

On this occasion they will find an exhibition designed, I imagine, to introduce a conservative public to living art. For educative purposes—and the exhibition is one of a series organised by the British Institute of Adult Education—the pictures have been remarkably well chosen. Without a hint of condescension, the organisers have contrived to show nothing that could be relied on to shock the timid. For instance, there is no out-and-out cubism, but an early Juan Gris is a choice example of the first, tentative applications of cubist theory; in fact, it is one of those rather uncommon works to which cubism has definitely added something worth adding. Abstract painting, of the decorative as opposed to the structural kind, might perhaps have been illustrated by something more convincing than the landscape by Ivan Hitchens; which, by the way, is the picture most likely to get the secretary into trouble with unsophisticated visitors. It is right that Cézanne, the old master of contemporary art, should be seen, and a pity that he could not be represented by something more substantial than this lovely little scribble. Bonnard's *Head of a Woman* is probably the best picture in the show; also his influence on some of the best of the younger English has been considerable, especially on Pasmore, who, himself, contributes a portrait. Unluckily no Dégas—another powerful influence—was to be found locally: for it is to be noted that so far as possible the pictures in this collection have been borrowed from neighbours. Sickert and Duncan Grant are the two English masters whom the young study most profitably. Sickert is seen to advantage; Duncan Grant has chosen to be represented only by a nice little portrait which must have been painted about thirty years ago: John, Matthew Smith, Vanessa Bell and Gertler are shown. I do not know whether one is to find a deliberate intention of demonstrating the vast and various influence of that extraordinary teacher Gustave Moreau, in the putting together of works by four of his pupils—Matisse, Rouault, Bussy and Martel: at any rate, it is a hypothesis which explains what needs explaining. Both the little pictures by Matisse speak delightfully for themselves; but amateurs may be advised to peer deeply into the Rouaults, if from these small works they would get some sense of the essential greatness of that master. Of the less famous, Miss Lucas—one of the organisers of the show—contributes an extremely attractive sketch, which makes one wish to see more of her work; and, shamelessly, I shall record my admiration for a small and ill-placed *Still Life* by Quentin Bell. We may think ourselves lucky to be shown one picture by that almost unseeable artist, Gwen John.

Miller's is to become a centre of regional art: that is what the promoters intend and we must hope. Already before the war art stood in need of decentralisation. Between 1910 and 1940 the French school was ruined almost by being turned into the cosmopolitan school of Paris, the university; and the Post-Impressionist movement which promised to equal the Impressionist fizzled out in a splutter of smart imitations of one or two reigning masters by able practitioners from every corner of Europe and America—to say nothing of India and Japan. If only these, after studying in Paris, had returned to their homes, there to seek regional inspiration, expressing themselves in the manner to which they were born, how much better might painting have fared in the years between the wars. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the reign of Lebrun, painting was in some danger of being stifled by the school of Rome. Fortunately, a new generation of Frenchmen decided to stay at home; and, instead of Romanised frogs we got Watteau, Chardin, Perronneau. In the "nineteen-thirties" young English painters seem to have felt much as these, with the result that, just before the war, young English painting was at least a match for young Parisian—no extravagant compliment to be sure. If painting is to survive after the war, the process must go further. Perhaps in a country so small as Britain, and in modern conditions, decentralisation is past praying for. Pray for it we must, however, if we can for art; that is, if we happen to believe in the efficacy of prayer. For we need schools, not only of the Euston Road and Chelsea, but of Edinburgh and Manchester, Norwich and Bristol, Exeter and Lewes.

Lewes has already produced a notable school of painting. From the Cluniac priory, founded in the eleventh century, emanated the spirit and skill which decorated the Sussex churches; and, if it may claim the artist who painted the Madonna in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester, Lewes can claim one of the best pictures ever painted in this country. A beautiful and ancient city, possessed of great traditions, she might well lead the way in developing a regional art. To such a development exhibitions of this sort are essential. They fire local talent by showing people—young people especially—what is being done to-day; and they must be followed by exhibitions to show what has been done in the past. Above all, they should convince the inhabitants of provincial towns that art is not something that lives apart in Florence, Rome and Paris, in the National Gallery and Bond Street; but that it is a necessary part of life which takes its place, just as races and flower-shows do, in the civilisation of the district.

These exhibitions, "Art for the People" someone has named them, organised by the British Institute of Adult Education, are taking a step in the right direction. May I give the promoters one piece of advice, based on sad experience? Were I organising such an exhibition, my inclination would be to turn first to local archaeologists, an odd race for which I have a liking. In nine cases out of ten they are useless. That they are prejudiced and reactionary goes without saying—maybe I like them none the worse for that. But they are also ill-informed and apathetic, as a rule. Local amateurs are not what they were. Formerly they were apt to know a good deal about their pet subjects—flint implements and British pre-history, as likely as not, or ogival architecture; generally, they would have looked into the best and latest authorities. Alas! they have not kept up with the times: few seem to have heard of the best books on their subjects; prejudiced as ever, they are ignorant and tasteless as well. Rarely nowadays will you come on a parson who can give a scholarly account of the architectural characteristics, the monuments, decoration and peculiarities of his church. Of old paintings he is likely to know little or nothing; as for modern, he can't abide them. No, the patrons of a new regionalism will not, I fear, be the rectors and local architects, but a class of men for whom I have no particular love, town clerks and municipal politicians.

CLIVE BELL

SILENT BRITISH STATESMEN

On lonely coast and island
On moor and crag and fell
In every disused quarry
And rhododendron dell
In public parks and commons
By marches swamps and fens
In the extensive gardens
Of wealthy citizens
By country lane and hedgerow
By meadow field and brake
By wood and copse and spinney
And stream and shore and lake
From John O'Groats to Land's End
From Cromarty to Kent
In almost every corner
Of our fair Isle's extent,
Chorus :
Silent British Statesmen
Stand for hours and hours
Motionless in sunshine
Shelterless in showers
Silent men from Whitehall
Cunningly concealed
Prying on the secrets
Nature has revealed
Flower of British manhood
Patient as can be
Trying to resemble
A boulder or a tree
Hearts in tune with Nature
Thoughts too deep for words
Silent British Statesmen
Watching British birds.

The yellow-breasted bunting
The jackdaw and the jay
The linnet twite and redpoll
Are spied on night and day
The wagtail and the pipit
The bittern and the shrike
Can hardly even remember
What privacy was like
And neither gull nor gannet
Nor great nor little tit
Can contravene the textbook
And get away with it
For sometimes before breakfast
And often after tea
The silent British Statesmen
Are watching carefully.
Chorus :
Gentlemen from Whitehall
Facing rain and cold
Though they may be over
Seventy-two years old
Heedless of lumbago
Rheumatism and gout
Still resolved to see the
Mating season out
Hardly even breathing
Hours and hours on end
Lest they should disturb some
Little feathered friend
Hearts in tune with Nature
Thoughts too deep for words
Silent British Statesmen
Watching British birds.

The warbler never warbles
The dipper never dips
But what some civil servant
Is watching from the slips
And men who rule the nation
Are not afraid to learn
A juicy bit of scandal
About the common tern
The amorous exhortations
Of nightingales and larks
Are noted down for reference
By Foreign Office Clerks
And all the lapwing's actions
However intimate
Are seen and gloated over
By Secretaries of State.
Chorus :
Silent men from Whitehall
Lurking in the park
Hoping to surprise the
Mallard after dark
Hanging by their eyebrows
Halfway down a cliff
While a pair of petrels
Prosecute a tiff
Hiding under hedges
All the spring time through
Watching little cuckoos
Do what cuckoos do
Hearts in tune with Nature
Thoughts too deep for words
Silent British Statesmen
Watching British birds.

WATCHER

THE MOVIES

"Fantasia," at the New Gallery and Gaumont. (July 24th).
"The Flame of New Orleans," at the Leicester Square.
"The Devil and Miss Jones," at the Gaumont.
"Rage in Heaven," at the Empire.

Such a projectory of films that I have to resort to shorthand. Full-length Disney (we have been missing our usual Mice and Ducks for this), full-strength or almost full-strength René Clair, a radiant Sam Woods, and the last would do any other week.

Fantasia. Experimental Disney. Eight well-known pieces of music, varying from a Bach fugue to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, to which Disney weaves patterns. Abstract at beginning poor, colour hideous, ideas banal. When Disney gets to a story or a subject, invention begins. Highlights: nightmare of pails and broomhandles in *Sorcerer's Apprentice*; flight of dinosaurs in prehistoric scenes to *Rite of Spring*; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony—charming landscape of Greek mythology, with centaurettes making up to meet their lovers, and Zeus flinging thunderbolts at Bacchus; parody of classical ballet to Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours*, ostriches, hippos, elephants and crocs perform in turn—this is the best Disney yet, charm, wit, fun, evanescent pattern, everything. The whole film—two and a half hours with interval—tiring, weak when abstract, dazzling in action and fanciful distortion of things, more space given to nightmare. This is only a stop-press view, which I shall expand, or revise, after a second seeing.

The Flame of New Orleans. New Orleans a hundred years ago. Delicious background and dresses, evenings at the opera, mornings in the woods, society with a local S, La Dietrich as a soft-spoken adventuress from Petersburg, negro servants, tars on the quay, balcony climbing, belle-gazing, in at the front door and out of the back, the catchiest tune of the year. Clair uses the silkiest of cameras, and more comes through the lens than over the soundtrack. A prettier *Rosenkavalier*, taking in streets as well as dressing-rooms. It's a pleasure to see La Dietrich away from her tour of the tropics; away from croaky songs in smoky barrooms. Does Clair soft-pedal her charm a little? Yes: when she sings, it is not very well, to the spinet. But she looks bewitching, she faints delightfully (for tactical reasons), and he has given her two parts, as belle and as flaring tart with a fringe that rivals Disney's amorous moose. The plot is all come-and-go. Roland Young, as a suitor with the gout, Mischa Auer (back to his minor best) gallivanting with a wink like total eclipse, two charming negro lovers, Bruce Cabot as a romantic cargo captain kept from sailing. Inspired moments of gossip. When the captain does sail it is with La Dietrich, and her wedding-dress—meant for Roland Young—flutters out of the stern window. The film had started with the wedding-dress floating down the Mississippi. Some critics have complained that *The Flame of New Orleans* isn't the old Clair; it isn't quite, but it is the best of the new one.

The Devil and Miss Jones. Fable of millionaire adventuring in his own department store. Object is to quell workers' unrest, to fire ringleaders and keep name out of the papers, so that he can resume omnipotence and diet of milk and crumbled crackers. Gets seduced the first day into gobbling a tunnyfish popover. Goes from bad to worse: distaste for department bosses, growing taste for wage-slaves, protest meetings, day on Coney Island with young couple and motherly shoe-assistant nearer his own age. Charles Coburn as disgruntled but now awakening dollar king: first-rate comedy, Jean Arthur and R. Cummings as lovers. Fun bubbles out of the situation under Sam Wood's direction; fun and a dash of sentiment for workaday lives. This is an almost perfect lightweight film, better even in its way than the Clair, and the trilling will appeal to everyone. Moral: Kind hearts are more than capital, and even the ugly rich may sometimes be converted.

Rage in Heaven. Sultrier than last week's weather. Robert Montgomery as a paranoiac at large, with only a rather wooden face and nerve-storms to give him away. Marries Ingrid Bergman (agreeable newcomer) in order to be deadly jealous of best friend (George Sanders). Deadly in a literal sense, for after trying to kill both wife and friend, kills himself with such ingenuity that best friend is all but hanged for murder. Highbrow thriller, tense, skilful treatment of jealousy, but not quite intelligent enough for the theme. Story by James Hilton, with dialogue by Isherwood and another. No trace of Isherwood—or Yogi. See in cool of the evening.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE PROMS

THE Albert Hall stages the Proms, as in previous years it has staged *Hiawatha*. In the arena (with an empty gallery above) stand the unconquerable; only a few who get there early sit round an oasis of ferns in the middle. The orchestra appears lit against a zigzag screen of palest blue. Four white fluted pillars, each with a serpent of roses, give a surrealist touch, and in the background rises the gothic splendour of the organ. This year it is curiously draped in sheets, part of a new attempt to kill the echo. But the echo is still there, and trombones or the singer's high note find it out infallibly. And the music? Sir Henry, leonine and bowing with his carnation, has a pick of soloists—Lamond, Pouishnoff, Moisewitch, in the first few days; and with Mr. Norman Cameron to take over after the interval, the second half is now as solid as the first. All the old favourites are being played—yes, even "Handel in the Strand." No first performances. Other trends are the dilution of Wagner's Mondays with Tchaikovsky, a Russian evening (strictly pre-Revolution), only the more popular Sibelius, Beethoven undiminished. Mr. Clifford Curzon, deputising on Tuesday for Lamond, gave an admirable performance of the "Emperor."

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 19th—
Labour Monthly's 20th Birthday Gala, including film "Alexander Nevsky," Cambridge Theatre, 5.
Opening of Refugee Artists Exhibition, 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3, 7.15.

SUNDAY, July 20th—
Debate between Constant Lambert and Alan Bush: "That music is non-political," Suffolk Galleries, S.W.1, 6.
Recital by Eda Kersey, 18 Grosvenor Place, 6.
Laurence Housman reading his new plays, Caxton Hall, 7.30. Admission free, collection

MONDAY, July 21st—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, R. H. Liem: "The Pacific Area and the U.S.S.R.," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 1.
"This Sceptred Isle," Westminster Theatre.
TUESDAY, July 22nd—
Concert of English Music of the 17th Century, St. George's, Bloomsbury, 6.30.
China Campaign Committee Lunch. Speaker: Alfred Barnes, Ley On's Restaurant, 91 Wardour Street, W.1.
Eugenics' Society Lunch, Speaker: H. Jackson Burrows, Pinoli's Rest. Tickets 3s. 6d. from 69 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.
THURSDAY, July 24th—
Dr. A. Fuchs: "Rainer Maria Rilke" (in German), 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3, 7.15.
FRIDAY, July 25th—
"The Ghost Train," Mary Ward Settlement, 7.
Col. Stewart Newcombe: "Arabia To-day and Federalism," 12 Gt. Newport St., 7.30.

Correspondence

THE "DAILY WORKER"

SIR,—When will the Government raise the ban imposed in January last? The issues are entirely different now from what they were six months ago, and it is a political absurdity for the Government to continue a ban on a paper that is in support of its own policy of Anglo-Soviet unity against German Fascism and intent on stimulating war production. This is the view of a large and growing body of opinion in this country, and it is endorsed by a number of the larger trade unions, numerous Members of Parliament and several Fleet Street editors. If the Government still has reasons why a section of working-class opinion should be deprived of its daily newspaper, they have yet to be stated.

The charge against the *Daily Worker* of "systematically impeding the successful prosecution of the war" no longer holds in the conditions of to-day, and it is clear that the Government is obliged in the light of the new policy declarations of the Communist Party to review the operation of the ban. When the ban was imposed in January without trial or right of appeal it met with considerable opposition, not only from those who sympathised with the policy of the *Daily Worker*, but also from a considerably larger number of people who objected on general democratic grounds, and who had always been opposed to Defence Regulation 2D, which vests the Home Secretary with the power to suppress newspapers.

A persistent campaign in favour of the reappearance of the paper has been going on all through these months, and the *Daily Worker* Defence League, which organises the former readers of the paper, have distributed hundreds of thousands of leaflets and pamphlets. Even before the new international situation created by the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union and the magnificent resistance by the Red Army, the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union had passed an anti-ban resolution by 43 votes to 4.

So much for the past. The old controversies need not be pursued. The case against the ban now rests on the unassailable claim that the re-publication of the *Daily Worker* would strengthen the unity of the people in the fight, alongside the Soviet Union, to defeat Fascism, and that the delay in raising the ban is causing uneasiness in the factories and trade unions.

With the exception of a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*, no attempt has been made to answer this case. The *Telegraph* bases itself on the self-comforting thought that the *Daily Worker* had no influence any way, and also concludes, possibly from a reading of the stars, that the *Daily Worker* may change its policy again.

The first argument disposes of itself. To claim that a paper which was suppressed in January because of its dangerous influence, should not be allowed in reappear in July as it cannot have an effect "on either side of the present struggle" is nothing more than an amusing example of "Blimpism."

The *Daily Worker* ban has become a direct political issue. Indicative of a growing attitude in the factories is the resolution passed by the London Council of Engineering Shop Stewards calling for the lifting of the ban as a means of encouraging war production. This resolution has been sent to Lord Beaverbrook as well as to Mr. Morrison, showing the practical attitude of the stewards, many of whom have been driven almost to desperation by the mismanagement that surrounds them, by the long hours of enforced idleness and the avoidable wastage. They know what part the *Daily Worker* would play in bringing a new hope to their fellow workers and in mobilising the industrial resources of the country for a people's victory over Fascism.

There is only one question before us: the advancement of the united struggle of the British and Soviet peoples for the destruction of Fascism. On a front 1,500 miles in length and 200 miles in depth, the soldiers, airmen and civilians of the Soviet Union are playing their part. We have got to play ours. In these heroic days there is no time for arid polemics. Whatever the critics hold against the *Daily Worker* they cannot deny its devotion to the interests of the people of Britain, its consistent anti-Fascism (four members of its staff killed in Spain), and its unwavering advocacy of friendship with the Soviet Union.

The staff of the *Daily Worker* is ready to go to it. Give us our tools and let us get on with the job.

WILLIAM RUST

ANGLO-SOVIET RELATIONS

SIR,—The articles and letters on Russia and the War in your issue of 5th inst. raise important questions. This is the great opportunity to get the Slav world of Eastern Europe and the English-speaking democracies of the Atlantic seaboard to begin to understand each other. It is no easy task. As one who from 1918 to 1922 worshipped at the shrine of the Kremlin but could not in the long run outlive my English upbringing, I try now to see things in perspective.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Lenin and Marx and heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by that same door where in I went.

For I began after a while to feel that the Marxist interpretation does not explain everything. This is best illustrated by the absurdity of assuming that this war has the same background as the last. For instance, I do not think that our worst enemies will accuse us of entering this war for colonial expansion and profits. It was in fact the big financiers who were responsible for appeasement at all costs, because they knew that another war would mean the end of private capital. But capitalism in Germany is also in dissolution. Nazi economy has been increasingly dragooning it since 1933. It is now a clash of two societies evolving from capitalism to collectivism but doing it by different ways, so different in fact that their impact on each other in Europe has caused the war. It is a difference of moral outlook and method of living, different conceptions of the rights of the individual towards the State and of the State to the individual. How is it possible to interpret this alone through the Marxist formulas which inspired the leaders of the Russian Revolution?

For the eighteen months that I listened to Lenin and Trotsky at their great meetings in 1917 and 1918 it seemed simple enough. Lenin had brought Marx up to date. He had explained Marx in modern surroundings. Marx's first two books of *Das Kapital* described capitalism in a static society. He never finished his third book which was completed by Engels after his death and seemed to deal with capitalism in an expanding colonial world. This phase of capitalism was dealt with exhaustively some years later by Hilferding and Rosa Luxemburg.

Generally speaking, however, these economic theories had some basis in fact in those days, when Imperialism was expanding and colonial territories being annexed or "mandated." But now the scene has changed. The simple Marxist formula of surplus values being exported to colonial areas and causing wars in the process does not explain this war. Those who try to explain it in terms of the last get themselves tied up. Marx never foresaw Nazism—a barbaric creed sprung from the half-cultured middle class of Austria and Sudeten Bohemia. Fascism is not capitalism in its last stages resisting socialism. It contains elements of collectivism in which the economic machine is run by robber barons with the morality of the cave man. A master race preys on subject races and the whole moral structure of civilisation, based on the cultures of Greece, Rome and early Christianity, is jettisoned. Marx never foresaw this, nor did Lenin in 1918. Neither did Marx foresee that British democracy might reach a collectivist economy by gradual stages, although there are some writings of his extant which seem to indicate that he sensed this.

Anglo-Russian rapprochement will only be possible if both communities are tolerant of their different outlooks based on their native cultural histories. We must hope that our public will be able to grasp that the new Russian State is built on sound economic foundations, but also that the Russians will realise that Marxism is not the whole truth but that the Anglo-Saxons have worked out a way of life which is also worth fighting for.

House of Commons. M. PHILIPS PRICE

SIR,—The simple answer to G. T. G. is that if the Russians had not forced the Mannerheim Line in 1940, Leningrad would now be under German fire from Finnish soil; and that if the U.S.S.R. had not occupied the Baltic States, Hitler would have had his "useful jumping-off place" free, gratis and for nothing instead of having to fight for it. War, like peace, is indivisible. It may be hard for G. T. G. to face the fact that "gallant little Finland" is a gallant little quisling; but such is the case.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

SIR,—Now that the Russian nation and our own are pledged together in the common struggle, has not the time come for the people of these islands to know a little more about the peoples of Russia and, in particular, about the Russians, or Great Russians, themselves?

Not only have the geographical remoteness and language difficulty precluded the majority of Englishmen of to-day from having any but the most nebulous conceptions of Russians and their historical and cultural background, but also official relations between the two countries during the last two decades have hardly been conducive to any but the rarest and most superficial of cultural or human contacts.

If, as we must hope, Russian military resistance is going to continue for any length of time, it would seem mutually advantageous to both countries, as representing the two main anti-aggressor nations fighting for their own soil, that steps be taken to dispel the fog of illusions and misgivings concerning Russia and its people that still clutter up the mind of the "man in the street" and to point out that neither vodka, tziganes and the Volga Boat Song nor the OGPU, collective-farming, and even the Dnieper Dam give us so much as an inkling about the Russian "man in the street." The Russian of to-day, too, has no doubt a good many fanciful notions about us which might well be dispelled.

Is it not time for the B.B.C. and the press to tell the people something about the Russians, what they have been and done throughout the ages, and how they have emerged to-day? As the Prime Minister has told us, the time is past for any side-stepping of the issue on ideological or any other grounds. Wholehearted and unconditional co-operation with Russia on the part of the British people entails knowing something of the Russians. Russian authors, historians, poets, musicians, customs and traditions, past and present, have an urgent and immediate part to play in the united war effort. One can use them here and now, just as one can use their British and American counterparts in Russia now, to help to break the ice of the last twenty years—if not, indeed, twenty centuries! Now is the time for it to be broken, if we are to prevent Goebbels using it as a heaven-sent skating-rink!

No doubt the Ministry of Information has already appreciated the urgency for such a campaign. On second thoughts—otherwise, indeed, I would not be craving your valuable space—has it?

The Eastern Hospital, "MEDICUS"
Homerton Grove, E.9.

SIR,—I was interested in Harold J. Laski's article "Friendship with the Soviet Union," and in his criticism of my book *The Socialist Sixth of the World*. It would have more point if he did me the honour of reading the book. To save his valuable time may I indicate pages 18 and 368.

His attitude of lofty disdain towards the book and of superior condescension towards the U.S.S.R. call for one or two comments.

(1) Even Harold Laski could scarce but agree that the general thesis of the book—the moral and economic superiority of Soviet Socialism over

Western Capitalism and Fascism—is being demonstrated in blood and heroism at this moment in Eastern Europe.

(2) That the book has, despite every boycott and criticism, sold as no other book on Russia has.

Before Hitler's attack on Russia its sale had exceeded 500,000 copies, and had been, or was in process of being, translated into four other languages.

It is strange so evidently bad a book should have so great a sale, particularly at a time when sympathies favourable to the Soviet Union were so much out of fashion—and offered so little chance of political preferment. Even as I write a cable from the U.S.A. comes for a cheap abbreviated edition with a preliminary printing of a million copies. I know that these facts will not influence Harold Laski's judgment. How I envy that judgment—always so unfailingly right; who knows precisely when to leave the sinking ship and when to board the brand new liner, when to deprecate the Soviet Union and when to ask for British Institutes and Rhodes scholarships for that country.

How I envy his political acumen and acknowledge my own ignorance of politics; naively thinking that principles still have some importance. Yet whilst my own judgment is so bad, it was not I but Harold Laski that wrote of Hitler in November, 1932, that—

> I think it is a safe prophecy that the Hitlerite movement has passed its apogee. . . .
>
> Hitler never counted for very much except as a symbol; . . . He has no real policy. He has not even a gift for action. . . . He has no sense of strategy. . . . He lives by force and shrinks from appealing to it. . . . He is of the type who become leaders of an army in China, with a tacit understanding with his staff that they do not go into battle, but parley with the enemy. . . .
>
> It is not unlikely that Hitler will end his career as an old man in some Bavarian village.

How I wish I could intoxicate myself thus with the brilliance of my own word spinning. If from my inferior position I dare offer one word of advice to Mr. Laski it would be to beg him to write less in order to leave more time for thinking.

The Deanery, Precincts, Canterbury. HEWLETT JOHNSON

[Professor Laski writes :—

(1) I am sorry I have made the Dean of Canterbury so angry. It is possible that the vast circulation of his book is the outcome of the fact that he nowhere faces in it the problems of a mono-party state, and accepts the official explanations of them as easily as an admirer of Nazi Germany explains away the excesses of that *regime*.

(2) I have not changed my view of the Soviet Union. I thought its place was in the vanguard of the challenge to Nazism. I deeply regretted its abandonment of that place in August, 1939. I am glad indeed that it has resumed it in 1941.

(3) The Dean is entitled to note how enormously mistaken was my prophecy of Hitler's downfall in 1932. I thought that the decline in its voting power was permanent, and I did not realise that both wings of the German working-class movement would accept his authority without an attempt to fight.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHY BRITAIN FIGHTS

SIR,—While heartily endorsing Critic's recommendation of Professor Tawney's pamphlet *Why Britain Fights*, I suggest that there is a fundamental dishonesty in this type of propaganda.

I do not doubt for a moment that these are Professor Tawney's reasons for supporting the war, as he has always advocated reform along the lines implied in his pamphlet; but I cannot believe that his New Order is the Holy Grail pursued by our Government. Which of them, since war began, has formulated or even subscribed to such a programme? Even the Labour Members, from whom one might reasonably expect some interest in the subject, have remained strangely silent about our war aims; while one prominent member of the Cabinet has always fought, with the very powerful weapon that lay to his hand, for the retention in our social system of all that Professor Tawney most deplores.

Such unofficial propaganda is excellent reading, but unless it is endorsed by a Government spokesman it carries no guarantee to us or the peoples dependent upon us that after the war we shall be led into Professor Tawney's promised land. Until we have some statement from the Government recognising the necessity for a social revolution in Britain, *Why Britain Fights* will remain, alas, an inaccurate and unconvincing title. ELSPETH WADDILOVE

15 St. Barnabas Road, Cambridge.

INDIAN BROADCASTING

SIR,—The article entitled "Strategy of Propaganda," which you published in your issue of July 5th, suggested that the news bulletins in our Hindustani Service were "a literal translation into Hindustani of the overseas English bulletin, which consists of innumerable items which mean nothing at all to Indian listeners and which omit all the problems which would attract the attention of the Indian public." It further claimed that the B.B.C. Service to India failed to include "serious talks on literature and other topics" which plenty of educated Indians would welcome.

These criticisms, which the writer of the article was cautious enough to date back to earlier days in the war, imply that he is unacquainted with our present services to India. They are a travesty of present facts and do injustice to the Indian staff, upon whose help our present broadcasts to India so much depend. Our daily Hindustani bulletins are compiled with little or no reference to our overseas English bulletins and with scrupulous consideration for the facts and problems likely to interest India. They are translated by expert Indian translators, who, subject to accuracy of statement, are allowed a generous latitude in expressing themselves in their own metaphor and idiom. Our service in English to India has for months past, thanks to the initiative of an Indian member of our staff, included daily just such talks on literature, music and other topics as those for which the writer of your article pleads.

B.B.C., London, W.1. STEPHEN TALLENTS

[We referred to British broadcasting to India as an example of our general thesis that Britain maintained during the war an imperial outlook which made little appeal to the masses in the Empire or in Europe. It is true that improvements have been made in broadcasts to India during the last nine months and that some attention is now paid to the cultural interests of educated Indians. As to the Hindustani service, we understand that it still largely consists of translations by Indians of material prepared by English editors and that this material is the same material from which Overseas News Bulletins are compiled. As regards "scrupulous consideration for the facts and problems likely to interest Indians," we can only say that Indians of various creeds who listen to these broadcasts differ from Sir Stephen. They urge, for instance, that very few Indians would be interested in a translation of the M.O.I. leaflet instructing Britons how to behave in the event of invasion, and that the main questions which divide Britain and India to-day and which interest all Indians are carefully avoided in Indian broadcasts.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DRAMA IN STEPNEY

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown's letter in your last issue and your critic's notice concerning the Bermondsey Open Air Theatre call attention to the existence of a movement of interest in drama in bombed London. The movement some time ago touched West Ham. Now it has reached Stepney, where the Toynbee Hall Theatre is about to re-open.

The Toynbee Hall season will begin on July 23rd and for several weeks will purvey honest and delectable drama at prices made possible by the voluntary assistance of many performers. At the opening performance Miss Constance Cummings, Mr. John Clements and Mr. Dale Smith will appear in a programme of plays and music. On most succeeding Wednesday and Thursday evenings during July and August companies of players who have proved their worth by fine acting in bombed areas will meet the local desire for intelligent plays and stimulate the groups of Stepney shelter users, who are now being encouraged to emulate Bermondsey and West Ham.

It appears that a little good is emerging from our tribulation. I ask readers of "THE NEW STATESMAN" to be interested in it and to help it.

Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London, E.1. J. J. MALLON, Warden

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'It is heartening to have him pledge his faith in the unbreakable spirit of the nation. We may be grateful to him for having reported so faithfully and finely.' TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 7s. 6d.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE modern novel has reached such a pitch of competence and shapeliness that we are shocked at the disorderliness of the masters. One moment we are looking at a neatly barbered suburban garden, the next we are bowling through the magnificent gateway of a demesne where the house and gardens are unfinished or are patched up anyhow, as if the owner had tired of his money in the first few weeks and after that had passed his life in a day-dream of projects for ever put off. We feel the force of a great power which is never entirely spent, but which cannot be bothered to rouse itself. We are up against the carelessness, the lethargy, the enormous bad taste of genius, its liability to accident, its disastrous conceit that anything will do. *Don Quixote* falls in half, the *Chartreuse* and *Le Rouge and le Noir* go shockingly to pieces, Tolstoy stuffs a history book into *War and Peace*, Fielding and Dickens pad and Dostoevsky wanders into ideological journalism. And then there is *Dead Souls*. You reach the second part of that masterpiece to find the editor's maddening note over and over again in the text: "Here a hiatus occurs in the manuscript." Worse, you discover that Gogol burned the manuscript of the last part and that the book is unfinished.

Perhaps it is as well. The remorse of comedians is painful. It is pitiable to see an artist rounding upon his art or mistaking his ethical impulses for his artistic ones. The kind of virtue which has been successfully fought off until middle age is apt, at that time, to have its dull, industrious revenge if it has been fought too hard in youth; and if an artist were to have the choice, one feels it would be better for him to let his egotism drive him to madness as Goya's did, and not to make him apostolic. For all we know, therefore, we should be grateful that the second part of *Dead Souls* was not completed. It might have risen to the same noble level as the second part of *Don Quixote;* but we know that Gogol was worried about his humour and that he was planning to put everything right by following the model of the *Divine Comedy!* There was, it is true, a medieval and heroic side to Gogol's genius—the tremendous story of *Taras Bulba* is the pre-eminent example—and we may have missed something fabulous; but knowing Gogol's guilt and the peculiarities of his conversion at the hands of a contemporary Rasputin, it looks as though the starch of religiosity was stiffening him.

"Dead Souls—no I'll never allow such a thing," said the Russian censor. "Our soul is immortal; there is no dead soul; the author rises against immortality." (See Janko Lavrin's useful little book on *Gogol*, published 15 years ago.) Gogol's title is indeed misleading. We have had a good deal of the Russian soul in our time and the idea of a *dead* Russian soul is doubly sombre. I wonder how many people have put the book back on the shelf without realising that they were missing one of the world's subtlest comic novels. Chichikov is not, I think, a great comic character—not any way to be compared with Pickwick or Don Quixote—he belongs rather to the line of Gil Blas, to those comedians who are rat-ridden by anxiety and self-interest. But Chichikov is a superb comic device. The originality and farce of the idea which animates him take the breath away. One is paralysed by humorous expectation. Chichikov is any carpet-bagger, any bucket-shop proprietor, any commercial traveller of vulgarly discreet ambitions, whose gift of the gab is given an extra flight by Gogol's touch of fantasy. As a fraud Chichikov is mousey, but he understands the lower side of human nature and that one of the quickest ways to the human heart is to offer it something for nothing. It is pleasant to roll his simple scheme over the tongue again. Since the previous census in which every landowner had to give a list of the serfs on his estate, and on whom he had to pay head money, a number would have died. The landowner still had to pay the tax until the next census. Why not, therefore (Chichikov argued), offer to buy these dead, pay the taxes himself, and then, taking the documents to a bank, raise a large sum on mortgage on an apparently thriving estate, and make a rich marriage? For a novelist one cannot imagine a more useful device for collecting a variety of human character, for farcical interviews, for spying into strange interiors and the uncovering of stranger motives. Chichikov's scheme was a passport to the whole of Russia. Gil Blas had an inside view of the habits of the Spanish aristocracy and the *demi-monde*, but he was a lackey; Mr. Pickwick travelled through England as a victim and buffoon; Don Quixote travels Spain as a comic martyr. All these characters are the tools of circumstance. But Chichikov never is. In chapter after chapter he is the master of the situation, and even when disaster finally overtakes him at N——, where he has triumphed for so long, we know that he will soon cook up a new story. Puzzled at first by his undistinguished shadiness as a person, we perceive that his deadly seriousness about his scheme is in itself comical. He is astonished when people hesitate to fall in with it. The bluffer believes in his own bluff. He has, what we often observe, the fundamental stupidity of the over-ingenious, the too original mind.

Novels which have been fitted to a startling idea usually owe something to the theatre. There is more than a touch of the Molière farces in Gogol's situations. Take the interview with Sobakevitch, the great, hairy, cunning and bear-like man who haggles over kopecks as if he were in an eastern *souk*. Sobakevitch seeks to put up the price of his dead serfs by suddenly saying what a wonderful blacksmith, or what a brilliant saddler, poor So-and-So was! He must be worth an extra five roubles because he was a good workman. The unexpected capping of one absurd situation with another, in this fashion, is pure theatre. The interview with the stupid widow who is eager to sell, who suspects all the time she is being swindled and tries hard to palm off lard or corn instead, has the same theatrical quality. Gogol has seized upon the theatrical value of a character who is so dense and suspicious that she can only go on repeating the same fixed idea. Her "buy some lard" is another "Mais qu'est ce qu'il fait dans cette galère?" But this is only an aspect of Gogol's art. In the main—and here it is like Gil Blas again—*Dead Souls* is a collection of genre portraits; it is a sort of social history based on universal types—the foolish, credulous couple whose kisses are so long that you "could smoke a small cigar before they had finished"; the town liar and gambler, the drunkard, the miser, the crafty man, the jack-in-office, the settled official and the soldier.

The difference between farce and humour in literature is, I suppose, that farce complicates merely a single idea, while humour grows and spreads and deepens until it may indeed reach tragic depths. Gogol's humour has not only the eye for the comic particularity, the ridiculous situation, but is based on a genius for humorous generalising. His generalisations are not facetious nor strained. They somehow convey, not ideas about life, but the full easy feeling of life itself, as though his humour was its breath, blood and natural condition, and not an outsider's attitude. A good example is his description of the female society of N——:

> . . . I should need to say a great deal about the ladies themselves and to describe in the most vivid of colours their social intercourse and spiritual qualities. Yet this would be a difficult thing for me to do since, on the one hand, I should be hampered by my boundless respect for the womenfolk of all Civil Service officials, and, on the other hand—well simply by the innate arduousness of the task. The ladies of N—— were —— But, no, I cannot do it. My heart has already failed me. Come, come! The ladies of N—— were distinguished for —— But it's no use; somehow my pen seems to refuse to move over the paper—it seems to be weighted as with a plummet of lead. Very well. That being so, I will merely say a word or two concerning the most prominent tints of the feminine palette of N——, merely a word or two concerning the outward appearance of its ladies. . . . The ladies of N—— were pre-eminently "presentable."

And further on:—

> In addition, I may say, like most of the female world of St. Petersburg, the ladies of N—— were careful and refined in their choice of words and phrases. Never did a lady say, "I blew my nose" or "I perspired," or "I spat." No, it had to be "I relieved my nose through the expedient of wiping it with my handkerchief," and so forth.

(This is from D. J. Hogarth's translation in *Everyman:* Mrs. Garnett's rendering, which I have not by me as I write, is, of course, far more spirited and fluent). Gogol's generalisations which link up the points of action are never flat; some touch in them, like the comic personal reluctance of the first passage or a physical phrase like "I blew my nose" in the end, sets them up in relief. But the real reason they are not flat is that they are the solid results of a detailed observation of society, from which Gogol has selected the bold outline and human essential. They are satirical brainwaves. He is writing about a town, a body of people. He is laughing at the Russian situation of the time. The book has a significance beyond its laughter, and yet laughter and pity engulf that significance, too. There is the very moving passage—and Gogol is always surprising the reader by his changes of mood as well as by changes in the antics of his characters—when Chichikov takes home the list of "dead peasants" and studies first the manner in which each landowner has written his list—this one casually, another with precision and remarks—and then meditates, Hamlet-like, on the fates and habits of the dead serfs. Passages like these root the joke to men's lives and direct our eyes from the laughter of the moment to the irony of eternity.

Dead Souls belongs to that group of novels which most novelists dream of writing—I mean the picaresque or novel of travel, in which a single character opens up the world. Given the brilliant idea the task, it seems, should be easy. Yet has there been such a novel of any quality since, say, *David Copperfield?* I can think of none. It seems that the appearance of a picaresque literature depends on the existence of disorder in society. Even in *Pickwick*, we remember, "boilers were bursting and the minds of coachmen were unsettled"; in the Spain of Cervantes, the new gold wealth of the Spanish Empire had destroyed the value of money and had brought misery. In the Russia of *Dead Souls* tyranny was struggling to hold down the unrest of hope and vision which had followed the Napoleonic wars. Outside of conventional romanticism, what is necessary to this kind of novelist is a time of lethargy, hopelessness and corruption, a time when romantic idealism would be thwarted and wry the only outlet. Our own society has been too prosperous for this kind of book, for a laughter at the roguery and fatuousness of people prosperous society is without humour or pity. Is this the explanation of the decline in this kind of novel? Or is it simply that the kind has been done too often and is now exhausted?

V. S. PRITCHETT

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Between the Acts. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

The scene of *Between the Acts* is Pointz Hall, a country house built a little too low in a hollow under a hill, but whose terrace, all the same, commands a wide view. The action takes place within 24 hours—the eve and the day of the village pageant, work of the solitary, masculine Miss La Trobe. The time is June, 1939. Pointz Hall is inhabited by old Mr. Oliver, of the Indian Civil Service, retired, his sister Mrs. Swithin, his daughter-in-law Isa, and her two young children. Isa's husband, Giles Oliver, who is in business in London, comes to join the family at week-ends: he is there for lunch on the pageant day. As they move in to lunch the Olivers are invaded, and pervaded, by *soignée*, impulsive Mrs. Manresa, "the wild child," who arrives in a car with her own champagne and her supercilious companion, William Dodge. Next, the county neighbours arrive, and from rows of chairs watch the villagers act the pageant against the view. The pageant, with its tea-interval, is played out: it occupies the middle part of the book. In the course of the afternoon Giles, out of temper, responds to Mrs. Manresa just enough to trouble his wife, whose own distant rhyming thoughts are in their turn disturbed by desire for Mr. Haines, the gentleman farmer, who has been at Pointz Hall the night before and is on the terrace this afternoon. The pageant over, everyone goes away; Miss La Trobe, still without speaking, disappears into a public-house. After dinner the old people withdraw; Giles and Isa, alone for the first time, big with the quarrel that must precede love, are left confronting each other in the summer darkness in which *Between the Acts* began. The cycle of hours has completed itself.

This is the plot of the book—important because this time, in *Between the Acts*, Virginia Woolf has integrated plot and vision. The characters are involved in the central action, compromised (one might say) and motivated by it: there are few, and no final, single movements away. The plot is, thus, organic; very much more so than in any other novel of hers. Awkward but vital discord, friction, collision between the outer and inner are not only not stressed, but hardly present at all. To this reconciliation—a reconciliation so new in Virginia Woolf's writing that one is aware of it here from the first page—certain elements in the writing might be said to be sacrificed; there is less anguish, less desire and less surprise. The thickets of mystery between person and person have been thinned, though in no place levelled down. There is less speculation—but, in its place, a perceiving certainty. One might say that the characters behold each other and the scene round them more calmly, and are beheld by Virginia Woolf more calmly, than in the other books. Actually, in this very calmness anguish, desire, surprise have reached rim-level: the miracle is that they are contained.

The pageant at once fixes into the centre, epitomises and limits the idea of time that has been circumambient in all the other books. Artificial consciousness of the past is induced, by the mechanics of Miss La Trobe, upon the immense, dramatic unconsciousness of the present—upon the rows of people on their chairs on the terrace facing the sun-changed landscape and the approaching war that is too imminent to be realised. And the pageant is not only time but art—and, as art, is a sort of war in itself; the confrontation of two armies, the actors and the acted upon. That art, here, should be at the Miss La Trobe level is immaterial; the question or challenge is put to art itself, from both sides, by the audience upon the terrace and by Miss La Trobe, at her distance, watching her idea shrink as it unrolls.

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

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The twelve volumes of Mrs. Woolf's work in *The Uniform Edition* (5s. 6d. each). Also *Roger Fry* (12s. 6d.), *Three Guineas* (7s. 6d.), and *Kew Gardens* which is still available as an art book with Vanessa Bell's decorations.

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In constant demand

★ **FOLIOS OF NEW WRITING** Spring 1941 (5s.). *The New Statesman* said : "This is a good number, and a reward to the reading public which does not subscribe to Lord Beaverbrook's ideal of 'No culture in wartime.'" *The Tribune* reinforced this judgment : "There is something so heartening in the appearance just now of *Folios of New Writing* that an impulse to praise indiscriminately the whole of its contents must be held in check."

★ **THE COLOUR BAR IN EAST AFRICA** by Norman Leys (7s. 6d.). Charles Roden Buxton in *The New Statesman* said : "Dr. Norman Leys is the kind of man who, in the long run, makes things move. From first to last he has preached the destruction of the colour bar with the same persistence as Cato demanded the destruction of Carthage." And Margery Perham in *The Spectator* concluded : "the case is substantially valid."

Hogarth Press Books are a necessity to thinking people in wartime.

The degree of the imperfection is not examined —Miss La Trobe's script is given without satire—the point is, that the fate of imperfection *is* present, in the attempt to render, in the attempt to eternalise even for one moment, in the attempt to speak. The limitation, the downward pull on the power is agonising to the poor village highbrow—to the others it was a foregone conclusion, known. Clouds and cows, however, the village idiot, light on a distant spire and unpredictable fancies among the onlookers perfect moments that perish for Miss La Trobe. Her designed silence falls flat, but the cows save it. Her crux, "the Present," the trick with the running mirrors throwing back at the audience their own faces, succeeds, but shatters the planned whole. After this break with illusion the vicar rises to speak, but does not know what to say.

Here is Miss La Trobe at the end of the afternoon :

> At last Miss La Trobe could raise herself from her stooping position. It had been prolonged to avoid attention. The bells had stopped ; the audience had gone ; also the actors. She could straighten her back. She could open her arms. She could say to the world, You have taken my gift ! Glory possessed her—for one moment. But what had she given ? A cloud that melted into the other clouds on the horizon. It was in the giving that the triumph was. And the triumph faded. Her gift meant nothing. If they had understood her meaning ; if they had known their parts ; if the pearls had been real and the funds illimitable—it would have been a better gift. Now it had gone to join the others.
>
> "A failure," she groaned, and stooped to put away the records.
>
> Then suddenly the starlings attacked the tree behind which she had hidden. In one flock they pelted it like so many winged stones. The whole tree hummed with the whizz they made, as if each bird plucked a wire. A whizz, a buzz arose from the bird-buzzing, bird-vibrant, bird-blackened tree. The tree became a rhapsody, a quivering cacaphony, a whizz and vibrant rapture, branches, leaves, birds syllabling discordantly life, life, life, without measure, without stop devouring the tree. Then up ! Then off !
>
> . . . Miss La Trobe nicked the lock and hoisted the heavy case of gramophone records on to her shoulder. She crossed the terrace and stopped by the tree where the starlings had gathered. It was here that she had suffered triumph, humiliation, ecstasy, despair—for nothing. Her heels had ground a hole in the grass.

Round the dead centre that is the pageant the high moments are in individual lives. The young people tack garlands of paper roses round the barn, in which, if it rains, the pageant may have to be. The fish for lunch arrives, and is received by the cook. Isa, who thought about Mr. Haines while brushing her hair, continues to feel for her husband angry desire. Mrs. Swithin, reading an Outline of History, sees mammoths in Piccadilly, damp-rooted rhododendrons growing along the Strand. While Mrs. Swithin is showing William Dodge over the house they lean from a window to watch the pageant people arriving : a breeze suddenly blows and the muslin blinds flutter out down the whole facade. These individual people, dwellers at Pointz Hall, visitors, deliberately not made complex, are keys to the mystery of the afternoon. Over them, like fate, their fate itself, hangs the weather that is Virginia Woolf's mind.

Because *Between the Acts* is Virginia Woolf's last book, the reader may search it for some touch of finality. Of this I find, as I expected to find, none. The form and the combination of elements are, as always, new ; she never used any combination or form twice. When the book ends it is, as at the end of the other books, as though a lamp had been switched off at its base, but the current is still waiting along the flex. *Between the Acts* in no sense completes her work, which is incapable of being completed. One envisages or desires completion only upon a level upon which she neither wrote nor lived.

The distinction made, at the start, between plot (or action) and vision may be a dangerous one. It may be one that she would not have allowed. But to allow it makes possible one sort of discussion of her work. One can only think of the vision in terms of height, light and aerial pressure. In *The Waves*, vision consumes everything else. So great is its power that there are no concessions ; the book is what Flaubert might have called a *débordement*. Through *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, we have marked the sweep and quickening of the ascent to the perhaps too high point of *The Waves*. In *The Years*—*The Waves*' successor, complement, inverse—there is, in the sense of vision, a steep drop. Plot, which had been a great natural part of the two earliest novels, *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day*, re-emerges, but seems strained, as though, throughout, some other important entrance were being denied : one feels, in *The Years*, the effort to confine vision to each character's possible register. Upon the plots of *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day* inundations by vision had been unchecked ; impetus rather than resolution carried forward the narrative. Now, in *Between the Acts* Virginia Woolf has balanced her plot and vision, and each a little partakes of the other's kind.

Through all the books runs the theme of time. Or, rather, all time encircles the moment, from page to page. Death is there, as something not to be borne, not to be borne, there in the evocation of dead people by a shell, a chair, a window or the eternity of a remembered scene. The characters, under their veil of gentleness, violently oppose themselves to fate, and to each other even in love. The threat of pain to come is in every caress of hand or mind, and yet behind this waits the solution, the reconciliation to be reached, or, if not reached to be, as in *To the Lighthouse*, seen.

To the Lighthouse is the most humanly perfect of the novels. But *The Waves* remains the key to them all, and, both before and after the book in its time order, is present throughout the others. In *The Waves* what is gradual truth in the other books is ejaculated in a succession of cries. It is not only Rhoda who cries out, but it is Rhoda who is remembered :

> What dissolution of the soul you demanded in order to get through one day ! . . . How you chained me to one spot, one hour, one chair, and sat yourselves down opposite ! How you snatched from me the white spaces that lie between hour and hour. . . . Yet those were my life.
>
> But I yielded. . . I did not go out into the street and break a bottle in the gutter as a sign of rage. Trembling with ardour, I pretended that I was not surprised. What you did, I did. If Susan and Jinny pulled up their stockings like that, I pulled up mine like that also. So terrible was life that I held up shade after shade. Look at life through this, look at life through that ; let there be rose leaves, let there be vine leaves—I covered the whole street, Oxford Street, Piccadilly Circus, with the blaze and ripple of my mind, with vine leaves and rose leaves. . . . With fleeces, with vestments I have tried to cover the blue-black blade. I implored day to break into night. I have longed to see the cupboard dwindle, to feel the bed soften, to float suspended, to perceive lengthened trees, lengthened faces, a green bank on a moor and two figures in distress saying goodbye. I flung my words in fans like those the sower throws over the ploughed fields when the earth is bare. I desired always to stretch the night and fill it fuller and fuller with dreams. . . . Walking on the embankment, I prayed that I might thunder for ever on the verge of the world where there is no vegetation, but here and there a marble pillar. I threw my bunch on to the spreading wave.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

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STANDING BY

Looking for Trouble. By VIRGINIA COWLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

It is a melancholy procession, this straggling, single-file pageant of the losers of these last few years. Spanish militiamen in jerseys, puttees and carpet shoes: the no less defeated strutters from the other side, huzza-ing as the enemy forces back their clock: the helpless betrayed Czechs weeping in the public squares, while French and English senators hysterically applaud their own dishonour: the sad Poles disrupted in a night: the frozen miles of Russian dead: the dazed and overweighted Finns: and then in gathering numbers a whole continent crowded into common slavery. While from the balconies of the Grand Hotels in each doomed city the foreign correspondents, like a kind of Greek chorus, unceasingly commentate as "the defeated and disfigured" shamble past. Resourceful, cynical, knowing, they meet each other in the bars of Madrid, Prague, Helsinki, Paris, their suit-cases perpetually packed for the get-away which the morning will demand, until finally they pack up for the last time and rush off home to fulfil a publisher's contract.

Miss Virginia Cowles comes late into the field. She would have to provide us with particularly gruesome horrors or particularly revealing behind-the-scenes dope, if she were to succeed in sharpening our blunted pity for the sufferings of humanity or in reawakening interest in the timid, the treacherous or the fat-headed leaders who have steered us with such staggering certainty from disaster to disaster. At least she had the opportunity; she saw both sides in Spain, she was in the Sudetenland at the time of Munich, in Germany at the outbreak of war, in Finland during the Russo-Finnish war, in Paris the day the Germans marched in. She calls her book *Looking for Trouble*, and she certainly has a flair for being in the significant place at the significant time, and that in spite of being on her own confession an amateur political journalist.

Her book is readable as long as she stays out of England. The best things in it are some of the reported remarks, of which the following are an average selection:

An American negro in the Spanish war had just been moved up to the front line and was asked by an inspecting general how he liked it:

"Ah appreciates de glory, suh, but to tell de truth, ah was pufficklY satisfied in the rear."

Lloyd George asked why he was so violent a partizan of the Spanish Republic:

"I always line up on the side against the priests."

A German telephone engineer struggling to mend the line of the British Military Attaché: "I can't understand it: it's working all right at the War Office."

Chamberlain, just after his return from the Munich Conference: "Did you find that the Czechs had any bitter feelings about the English?"

Hitler, after being advised against a projected visit to England: "It's just as well. I know the English. They would have met me at Croydon with a dozen bishops."

Unfortunately, one cannot entirely trust her judgment. She gives a terrifying account of a visit to Russia and of the unrelieved poverty and disorder she found there. If it represented only a quarter of the truth, the Russian Army could not have withstood Hitler for a week. The same is true of her account of the Finnish war. From that point of view she has been unlucky in the moment of publication, and she is not the only one who spent a good deal of ink in proving the Russian attack utterly inexcusable who will now have cause to retract.

But *Looking for Trouble* is quite unreadable whenever Miss Cowles gets to this country. She is evidently one of those Americans who flatter us by imitating our worst failings. American reporting is, as a class, distinguished for its vitality and freshness. Miss Cowles revives an English style which I had imagined to have died with its originator, the *Bystander*. She has a passion for the best families and once she has given us the title she relapses into the familiar name. "A few days later I lunched at Loelia's" (Loelia? Yes, *you know*, the Duchess of Westminster). "I spent the week-end with Maureen, one of the most popular women in London" (Maureen? Maureen Stanley, of course) . . . and so on. Indeed, the *locus classicus* for American Bystanding must now be her chapter on the fall of France. It opens:

Twenty-four hours after I arrived in Paris I ran into Fruity Metcalfe.

"They've done it!" he said.

"Who's done what?"

"The Huns have crossed the Meuse in three places and broken into France at Sedan. . . ."

I stared at Fruity disbelievingly. . . .

The whole of the last part of *Looking for Trouble* is vitiated by this kind of thing; there are descriptions of the Home Front and R.A.F. which read like a cross between André Maurois and an article on the Royal Family in a woman's magazine. The book is rounded off by an index confined to the names of people she has met. Among many of the titled, the famous, the notorious and the rich is an entry I particularly like: it reads—*Vernon (butler)*. *284, 444, 445.*

T. C. WORSLEY

THE YOUNGEST ARMSTRONG

Winged Words. Our airmen speak for themselves. *Heinemann.* 8s.

R.A.F. Occasions. By H. G. *Cresset Press.* 8s. 6d.

Fighter Command. By A. B. AUSTIN. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

British Fighter Planes. By C. G. GREY. *Faber.* 5s.

Air Strategy. By CAPT. NORMAN MACMILLAN. *Hutchinson.* 2s. 6d.

What sort of a chap is this airman, what does he do, how does he do it? Perhaps it was the sudden stroke of midsummer, falling on me and this formidable pile of books, which left me prone in dubious reverie on the questions they are supposed to answer. The airman is not really a queer fish, but he has not been darting about his queer business in the sky long enough for us to get him right, as we have long since got the soldier and the sailor right. If we look at him at all steadily, he breaks at once into a dozen candiates for the highest honours. Fighter pilot, bomber pilot, reconnaissance tramp, bomb aimer, gunner, navigator, maintenance crew, rigger, fitter, engineer, ground observer—which of these is saving us? They share between them the still uncertain mastery of a machine which is so complex that the man in the pub would have great difficulty in understanding what the airman is really up to, even if the censor would let him.

Well, one way of cutting through this tangle of misconceptions, ignorance and uncertainty is to let the airman speak for himself. In *Winged Words*, which is a selection from the anonymous broadcasts of R.A.F. men between December, 1939, and February, 1941, this has been beautifully managed. I had missed these words when spoken, and remembering only the ennui bred of official stories of this kind, I feared the performance would be smothered in B.B.C. glaze. But "E.B.B." who arranged these broadcasts has done what must have been an extraordinary job with extraordinary competence. He has somehow managed to conjure from these men scripts which are lucid, vivid, true and full of character. Here are details, real and terrible, of some of the jobs they do, and here, in many cases, are the men themselves, in a cross section of R.A.F. life which is faithfully represented all

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"Cruelty is for me the one sin that has no forgiveness. The examples in this book make me wonder why mankind was ever created, or why so foul a race continues to exist. During a long life I have travelled far over the world, often among savages, but I have never seen more hideous cruelty than is here described."

Yet, for all its dreadful revelations, this book is not a recital of unrelieved horror. For it shows how the indestructible comradeship of humanity could not be suppressed, even by this fiendishly organised system of terror, operated chiefly by the most bestial of habitual criminals, since none others could be trusted to do the work. Mr. Heilig, who managed to retain not only his sanity but his sense of humour, records moving examples of kindness and heroism among the victims, and even occasionally by their gaolers, men widely separated by class, education and creed. Habsburg dukes and Jewish pedlars, communists and Christian evangelists, scholars, half wits and eccentrics, were all victims together and often suffered and died to secure a little ease for their feebler fellows. There is even laughter in these pages, for the traditional Austrian gaiety managed sometimes to outwit stolid Prussianism. No one who wishes to understand the nature of the thing abroad in Europe, and the means whereby it can be exorcised, should fail to read this book, which is a genuine piece of "prison literature."

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the way from ground observers, barrage men and maintenance crews to fighter and bomber pilots. Some of the quietest and most reticent of these stories are the best, but there is a notable crescendo in recklessness. The last story, of a New Zealand fighter when fighting mad, has to be read to be believed; but by then one is ready to believe anything. The difference between telling one's own story and letting a skilled journalist tell it for one is amusingly seen by comparing in detail "An Unusual Combat and Bale Out," which is Flight-Lt. J. B. Nicolson's story of a fight which brought him the V.C., with Mr. Austin's sketch of this officer's career in *Fighter Command*.

H. G. stands in an unusual relation to the R.A.F. In the last war he flew as an observer in the old RE8; those, he says, were the happiest days of his life. Then, after twenty years as playwright, critic and traveller, he rejoined on the Volunteer Reserve. He has been to Coastal Command at a Cornish aerodrome, to the Signals Section at an operations room at Arras in collaboration with the French, through the June retreat, and finally to training camps and several squadrons at home. The book he might have written as a senior officer if he had served straight through would have been very different; and this is a measure of the value of *R.A.F. Occasions*. This book will help anyone to collect, correct and clarify his thoughts about the airman. H. G., while lucid and analytical, is not afraid of warm, romantic sentiment. His experience of the R.A.F. is wide and intimate, and he is interested in the very questions which lie unanswered at the back of plain men's minds. As an old hand who has become a new one without growing grey in the R.A.F. tradition, he discusses its essential principle of growth. Granted the enormous technical advance, the obvious changes in scale and quantity, has there been a corresponding change in quality? He concludes boldly and not I think altogether convincingly, that there is nothing really new under the R.A.F. sun, but his pages are full of acute observation of this vital kind:

> One point came out again and again and again, made by each of our speakers independently and yet unanimously: that *sight* (or at least knowing how to use sight) is the essential of all essentials in war flying. It is the ability to see a black speck (or specks) five miles away in the sky, and to determine instantaneously whether the speck or specks are friendly specks—or whether they will, in the matter of a couple of minutes, be spraying bullets into one's machine.

The Battle of Britain is easy to admire and difficult to understand. The time is not ripe for a full analysis of the intricate strategical and tactical problems of which it is an object lesson. Mr. Austin, with close access to the records of Fighter Command, has made a serious attempt to extract a general sense from it within the limitations of the censorship. He might, I think, have got nearer the bone by using diagrams to illustrate his narrative. By tracing its course systematically month by month he shows clearly the changing, searching thrusts of the German High Command, and how to each stroke we managed to find in time the correct parry. This is a pleasant. easily written narrative which almost contrives to avoid the monotony of repetitive accounts of air battles.

There are many who still do not know the difference between a Spitfire and a Hurricane, and some benighted to whom a Defiant is indistinguishable from either. This offends Mr. C. G. Grey, who has written a useful little book against such errors. He starts with the idea that fighter planes are as unlike in form and function as different breeds of horses. This leads him to construct what he calls pedigrees of the British fighters and their engines, that is, summaries of the broad technical features of each and of its forerunners, and gossipy accounts of the personalities and fortunes of the aircraft firms responsible for them. There is also some useful information on armament, gunnery and air tactics. The bees in Mr. Grey's bonnet buzz as loudly here as in all his other writings, but can be avoided for the instruction which he certainly provides.

Lastly, Captain Macmillan takes a header in *Air Strategy* in the rugged, pseudo-strong, one-word-a-line-at-crises-in-the-argument manner. He is an exponent of the Independent Air Force, bomb-Germany-to-blazes school. The delegation of authority represented by Coastal Command and Army Co-operation Command makes him angry, and leads him to at least one statement which seems, after Crete, to be extraordinarily wrong:

> The air force can co-operate with the army perfectly. There is no mystery about army co-operation. Any decent pilot and air crew can go about the duties of army co-operation (in all its varied forms) without the least delay. The aircraft and its crews can and should be provided when the army is ready to use them.

It is the misfortune of writers on strategy that events are always outpacing their theses and contradicting them. I think Capt. Macmillan's main argument is probably wrong and certainly incomplete, but many of his subsidiary ones are very well put. He should be read on aerodromes.

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FRANCE

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Last to Leave Paris. By PETER FONTAINE. *Chaterson.* 5*s.*

Seven Mysteries of Europe. By JULES ROMAINS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I Saw France Fall. By RENÉ DE CHAMBRUN. *Jarrolds.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Ian Black has written a curious, exasperating and sympathetic book. He is a business-man who believes in Socialism; he considers France the fount of civilisation, yet is fascinated by the theories of Ouspensky and Gurdjieff. The most useful feature of his autobiography is his account of the mistakes made by this country in its dealings with France; the most delightful feature is the intimate affection for the French that justifies the book's title.

It is not yet possible for anybody to see in proper perspective the history of France during the last 23 years. It can be argued that the Treaty of Versailles was too harsh or that it was too indulgent; that it did not give the French the security that their heroic resistance had deserved, or that it was based upon an untenable position—the illusion that France was still a first-class power. In any case, it was a treaty that fell between two stools, and the post-war policies of Great Britain and the United States rapidly destroyed any chance of its survival.

The history of the last two years is no less difficult to regard with detachment. One can truly say that the French were beaten by a novel strategy, for which our military experts were no better prepared than theirs, and that but for the Channel we must have shared their fate. But why is it that the French seem to have accepted defeat with greater resignation than the Poles, the Czechoslovaks, the Dutch, the Norwegians and the Belgians? Why, at any rate, in France, and in France alone, have the Germans found well-known and reputable public figures to support collaboration? An examination of our own consciences may help to answer these questions. The governing class of this country was so blinded by the remote danger of Communism that it refused to perceive the immediate danger of Nazism. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax were all Pétains in their time. The Socialists in this country were so dominated by a traditional hatred of war that they opposed rearmament and conscription, shouting the blessed words "League of Nations," as if the League existed apart from the powers that composed it. If half the French Left were pacificists, the English Left, though passionately patriotic, behaved as if they were not. We were suffering from the same two complaints as the French, but not so dangerously. We did not properly recover till April 1940, the French never recovered at all; their system had been undermined. The proportion of their dead in the last war had been far higher than

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NOTE Mr. Laing's advice on page 9, col. 2, in issue of July 5th.

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Rates and all information on page 72

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of ours. Moreover, all Frenchmen who had savings lost three-quarters of them by inflation. Our difficulty had been unemployment; their trouble had been to find men enough—so heavy had been their losses—to work in their factories and fields.

For our wickedness in letting millions half-starve in idleness rather than give them productive work, because this would have cost more than the dole, we deserve all the disasters that have befallen us. I can see no equivalent wickedness in France, unless it be that the social legislation we began in 1909 was not there attempted until 1936. And then it was too late. The Front Populaire, with all its good intentions, was not only disunited but as obstinately ostrich-like as Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain.

Here the appeasers of the Right and the Pacificists of the Left have with few exceptions recovered their sense of reality. In France Laval and Maurras on the Right, Déat and Spinasse on the Left, persist with varying degrees of honesty in their delusions. But all the available evidence suggests that the vast mass of their countrymen long for one thing only, the defeat of Germany. If there could be a plebiscite in France to-day, I believe that Gaulle, unknown as he is except as a symbol, would obtain over 80 per cent. of the votes. One must not mistake the voice of the Vichy wireless and newspapers for the voice of France, for only the little minority that support collaboration can speak without disguise. Vichy is decrepitly reactionary; Big Business is keen to make money by making munitions for the Germans; the Paris aristocracy as a whole fraternises, as no other class, with the invaders; and it is therefore tempting to believe that the collaborating minority is all Right, and the resisting majority all Left. But this is mere wishful thinking. The one paper that continues bravely and ingeniously to rally the national pride and spirit of France, despite the censorship, is the Catholic, extremely Conservative *Figaro*—the Leftist *Oeuvre* is aggressively pro-German. The *Front Populaire* is a name irretrievably, if to a great extent unjustly, discredited, even among its own supporters. If France is ever to recover, the hatred between classes (and between town and country) will have to be replaced by a united front of all patriotic Frenchmen against the minority that accepts, from stupidity, cupidity or ambition, the German yoke. What form of Government will suit a liberated and regenerated France must be left to the French, but I am certain it will not be the old Third Republic. Nor will it be any form of tyranny. What is needed is a democratic *régime* that will inculcate duties as well as rights, and abolish the unjust privileges that flourished under a Government nominally hostile to privilege. Meanwhile, one of the chief difficulties in our propaganda is that in appealing to their love of liberty, equality and fraternity, we must not give to the French the notion that we wish to impose upon them the restoration of a *régime* that they have come to despise, not so much because it was corrupt as because it was ineffective. It is usually forgotten that the chief brake upon French resistance is the hideous power of the Germans to blackmail. At any moment they can starve to death as many millions as they like of an already depleted population. But to the eventual recovery of France there is a more formidable obstacle—the reluctance of the French to sink sectional differences for the common good.

Compared with *A Friend of France*, the other books listed at the head of this review are very small beer. *A Farm in Normandy* recounts pleasantly enough the experience of an Englishman whose love of France tempted him to buy and work a farm in the cider-country near Havre. The Norman peasant, as Maupassant showed us, is not the most endearing type of Frenchman, but Mr. Henrey, despite some unpleasantnesses, retained his devotion to the country of his choice. Mr. Fontaine, who is half French, gives in *Last to Leave Paris* the diary of his journey on a bicycle from Paris to the Spanish frontier—little pictures of the tragic May and June. He ends with a remark made to him by Kitchener: "Like all civilised men, I have two countries—my own and France." *Seven Mysteries of Europe* must be a painful surprise to admirers of M. Jules Romains. A peculiarly plausible novelist, he turns out to be the least convincing of historians. His book, moreover, is tainted with a conceit bordering upon megalomania. The author of *I Saw France Fall* is the son-in-law of Laval. After the Armistice he went to the United States, where he has been trying to excite American sympathy for the policy of collaboration. His book is disguised propaganda for our enemies, and ought to be withdrawn. RAYMOND MORTIMER

The Land of Saint Joan. By OWEN RUTTER, with wood engravings by AVERIL MACKENZIE GRIEVE. *Methuen.* 15s.

There are many traps into which the writer of travel-books and the writer of historical biography may fall. Travel-books specialise in the traps of facetiousness and sentimentality; historical biography in the trap of romantical distortion of facts, if not in positive inaccuracy. Mr. Owen Rutter has not been entirely successful in his avoidance. As a historian he is on fairly safe ground, for he sticks closely to the accepted records of Jeanne's life; in other words he uses the records merely to illustrate and render intelligible the account of his own journey across France in the tracks of the saint. He claims, incidentally, to be the only one of her biographers to have undertaken this pilgrimage, with the exception of a certain Mrs. Caddy who in 1886 performed the same feat on a double tricycle. As a traveller he is less fortunate. It is true that owing to the fact that he and his companion progressed by 'bus and taxi, we are spared the usual motor-car which goes by a jocose and affectionate nickname; but the inevitable local characters are introduced (Madame la Patronne, Monsieur le Patron), and the author's companion, whose name appears quite openly on the title-page and in the foreword with acknowledgments to her delightful wood engravings, is referred to throughout the text as "the Artist" and is not allowed to escape an appalling jocosity.

Mr. Rutter's book, however, has merits. These consist principally in the painstaking way he has traced Jeanne's various journeys and in the adventitious fact that his pilgrimage coincided with the outbreak of our present war in France, a dramatic circumstance which gives a tang to an otherwise dull book. Every now and then he makes a pertinent remark, such as that Jeanne must have realised that she was being taken to Poitiers instead of to Orleans. Even here we fear that he has "lifted" the observation from other writers. Far and away the best comment he makes is that Jeanne, like a queen-bee leading a swarm, had come at the right moment to give direction to the national effort. This is probably true and has been overlooked by other biographers.

For the rest, Mr. Rutter, in spite of his meticulous accuracy in most matters, is capable of the most startling misinterpretations, and it seems incredible that Mr. Rutter, who is prepared to take so much trouble, should mention in his bibliography that ridiculously school-boyish work by Mark Twain called *The personal recollections of Joan of Arc*. He might as well quote G. A. Henty as a serious historian. Conversely, he omits from his bibliography the far more interesting and factual account of the first stage of Jeanne's journey, *La première étape de Jeanne d'Arc*, by the Marquis de Pimodan. This would have taken Mr. Rutter on Jeanne's route from Vaucouleurs to St. Urbain.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 598

Set by Roger Marvell

Contributors are asked to suppose that Macaulay is continuing his History in the Elysian Fields. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half-a-Guinea are offered for the best entries (not more than 250 words) ridiculing the Government's refusal to broadcast *The Internationale*.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, July 28th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 595

Set by Doll Tearsheet

The Anglo-Russian Agreement offers a rich material to the pencil of Low. The usual prizes are offered for the best suggestions for a cartoon—drawing and caption to be described in prose or verse.

Report by Doll Tearsheet

The task was exceptionally exacting, and no entrant scored a bull. First it was necessary to invent a scene worthy of Low; then to describe it in words as graphic as his drawings. Allan M. Laing came nearest, but there is more *Punch* than punch about his verses. One competitor, E. D. Prudhoe, sent seven variants on a violently anti-Soviet theme—evidently Mr. Churchill's speech fell on some deaf ears, and this is hardly likely to be Low's view. C. F. Bert had a good notion—Uncle Joe, the village blacksmith, at a village cricket-match, wearing a striped shirt and braces, and facing a fast bowler with a small black moustache, while the captain of the team (Churchill) waves an encouraging hand and cries "Last man in." G. J. Blundell has Hitler with a pistol, at his feet a dead body, "Anglo-Russian Estrangement," and Goering saying to Goebbels, "Himmel! He's killed our best friend." Caption: "The First Victim of the New Campaign." E. H. Bedwell, Paul Marx and D. Spreckley were also inventive. Allan M. Laing must have the first prize, and the second, I think, should go to Richard Pomfret for a notion that not only is sardonic but would suit Low's style.

FIRST PRIZE

For this cartoon, David, a suitable name
would be The Skin Game:
can you contrive,
in a low sailor's dive,
to sketch Colonel Blimp, as usual, practically nude,
having his back tattooed
by a sinister
Prime Minister?
the Hammer and Sickle design
is coming out fine;
but the Colonel
is disturbed by a doubt infernal:
he wants to know: are the colours fast?
will they last?
to which the Premier,
looking even schemier,
whispers, "Don't talk tosh:
they'll come out in the wash."
In the background (do you see him?)
is Wullie Gallacher, pleased, but trying to look grim. ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE

LOW CARTOON FOR THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT

Stalin, in the garb of an African savage, is emerging from the jungle. Col. Blimp, in the garb of Stanley, is advancing gingerly towards him with a tentative hand half-stretched. Caption: "Dr. Livingstone, I hope?" RICHARD POMFRET

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

THE "PEACE" RISE AND BURMAH OIL—DEFLATION PROSPECT IN AMERICA—CONCENTRATION POLICY

THE "peace prospect" rise in ordinary shares, which I have said will start probably a year before the actual event, has paused for breath this week. It may seem a foolish rise, but there is no supply of stock on dealers' books, so that it only needs the entry of a few long-sighted "bulls" into the market to make quite an impression upon prices. Oil shares, after their spurt, have quietened down, but I have noticed with some relish a recommendation of brokers to buy Burmah Oil shares now that the "Russian threat" to the Company's properties has been removed. It is fun to see brokers getting "Russian minded" in a constructive way. By the way, the recent report of the Burmah Oil revealed, of course, a severe drop in investment income from its holdings in Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport, but the dividend of 15 per cent. was still covered by available earnings. At 2⅝ cum dividend Burmah Oil shares yield £6 12s. 6d. per cent., and to my mind still make a safer holding than Anglo-Iranian, which have risen to 1⅝ without any prospect of a dividend.

* * *

When we discuss the prospects of inflation in this country without fear or flinching, let us pity the poor Americans. In Great Britain we have passed a variety of anti-inflationary measures. We have combined heavy taxation with an aggressive savings campaign and we have passed the Goods and Services Bill, which gives the Government power not only to prevent profiteering but to fix maximum prices and also wholesalers' and retailers' margins. We are even prepared to subsidise industries to avoid price increases, but this is a more dangerous policy and not to be carried too far. But what have the Americans done? Their defence expenditures are increasing rapidly. In June they exceeded for the first time $1,000 millions and by the end of June 1942 they should exceed $2,000 millions a month. The total "war expenditures" of America in 1941–42 (ending June) will probably reach $20,000 millions. Thus Washington has to contemplate a total budget of at least $25,000 to $28,000 millions, with a deficit of between $10,000 and $15,000 millions. It sounds colossal, but the American national income for 1941 is estimated at $90,000 millions and for 1942 it is put as high as $105,000 to $110,000 millions. How can a price rise be controlled in a country which is accustomed to heavy individual spending, which will not tolerate strict rationing or repressive taxation without a declaration of war? Poor Mr. Leon Henderson has been appointed Price Controller at Washington, but exactly what power he has nobody knows. Apparently he is hoping to divert the excess purchasing power into "harmless" channels, such as food or the cinema or drink, but there will be an urge to buy automobiles, radios, frigidaires, electric washing machines and other household gadgets, the production of which will be in short supply as the result of the switchover to war machines. The only hopeful view is that there is a huge unused plant capacity and a large labour supply to tap. On the other hand, American public opinion is more volatile. We have seen in this country how a feared shortage of goods has precipitated a senseless rush upon the shops and given an impetus to hoard. The investment moral of this story is that if the American public uses its surplus purchasing power to buy securities as well as bonds, there will be a very unpleasant boom on Wall Street.

Sir Andrew Duncan, the new President of the Board of Trade, told Mr. Mander in the House of Commons this week that nearly 100,000 workers have been or are being released under the ex-President's scheme of industrial concentration and that about 16½ million square feet of factory space had been placed at the disposal of the Controller-General of Factory and Storage Premises. The period allowed for the submission of voluntary schemes of concentration has now come to an end. On the question whether the voluntary schemes achieved the ex-President's objective, Sir Andrew Duncan was studiously vague. In fact the gaps in his statement suggested that a large proportion of the industries concerned had not been concentrated. It is well known that however willing companies may be to concentrate, there was no clear-cut financial basis on which the closed-down firms could be taken over and compensated by the nucleus firms—without an unjustifiable increase in prices laid upon the consumer. According to Sir Andrew Duncan, the Board of Trade are now hastening the completion of concentration by themselves nominating the nucleus firms. Does this mean that the Board are going to decide the measure of compensation payable to the closed-down firms, and that it is going to pass on to the consumer this increased cost? If so, they are running counter to the anti-inflationary policy of the Treasury. Now according to Mr. Watkins, the new Director-General of Civilian Clothing, the Board of Trade are intending to apply concentration to the wholesale distributing end of the clothing trades and are taking care to see that the prices of clothing—especially cheap clothing for workers—are not raised by the fact that the overhead expenditures of wholesalers and retailers of clothing have been increased by the contraction in turnover. This is the proper and enlightened view.

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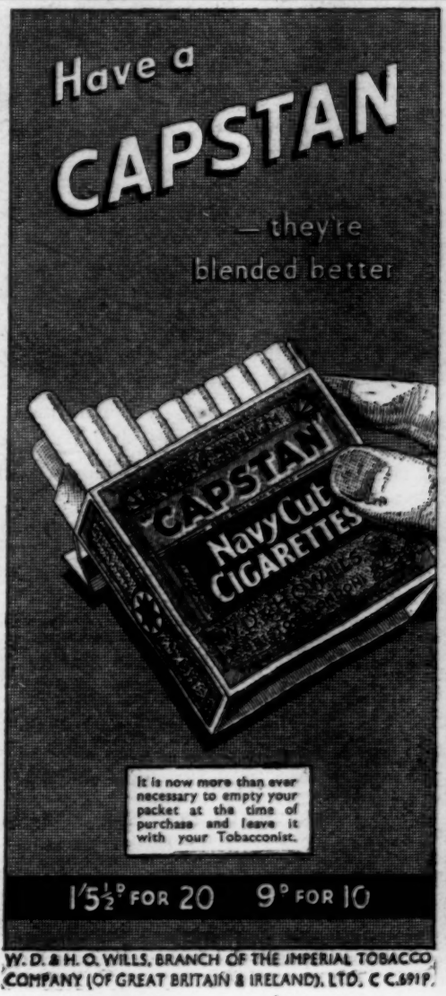
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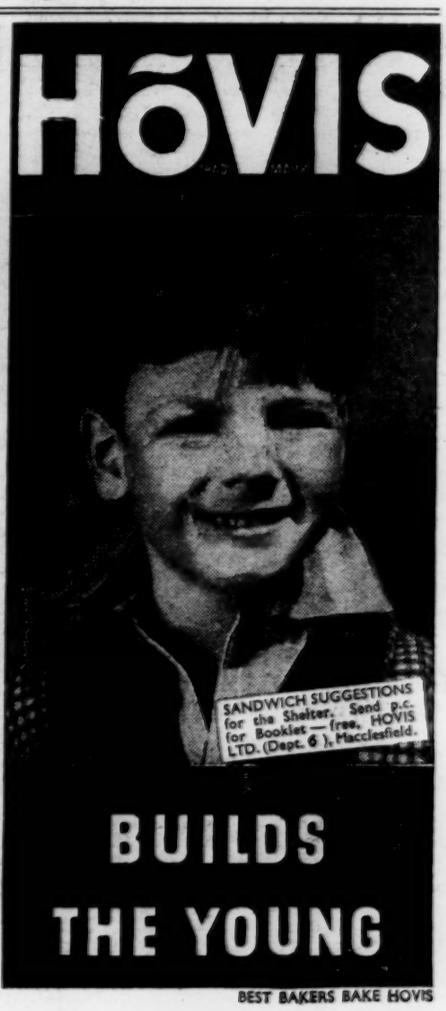

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